

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST NET SALE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

MISS ELLEN TERRY'S JUBILEE TO-DAY: FIFTY YEARS OF STAGE LIFE.



To-day is the actual date of Miss Ellen Terry's jubilee on the stage. Last night England's most talented actress celebrated that event. Fifty years ago to-day she appeared at the Princess's Theatre in "The Winter's Tale." Last night she appeared

in her part of Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." At the close of the performance Mr. Tree presented her with a silver casket on behalf of the Playgoers' Club. The photograph shows her as Mistress Page.—(Window and Grove.)



To-morrow

## AMAZING REVELATIONS

OF

## CONVICT LIFE

BY

## JABEZ BALFOUR

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## TO GAIN NERVE FORCE.

The influence that the nervous  
system exerts on our health  
and strength is enormous.  
Unfortunately it is only im-  
perfectly understood by com-  
mercial and literary people.All the secretions and excre-  
tions are under nervous control,  
also all muscular action.  
The stomach pours out, under  
nervous influence, its juices,  
which dissolve and digest the  
food.The nerves regulate the whole  
mechanism of man and make or  
mar our general efficiency.  
And who shall say where this  
power ends? Who shall set limits to  
the good or evil it produces?Consider its influence on the brain,  
how strong nerves make a brilliant  
intellect and induce self-reliance.  
On the other hand, observe the  
vacillation and timidity of the victim  
of nervous debility.Brain-fag is simply another expres-  
sion for a tired brain, brought on by  
imperfect nerve nutrition.So long as the nerves are capable of  
generating more nerve energy than we  
use, so long as we really main-  
tain in brain efficiency and  
capable to bear extreme exertion  
But the moment the nerves  
are weakened down goes the  
resistance of Nature to worry,  
excitement, and fatigue.How often have we seen  
bright, clever, capable business  
men brought to the precipice of  
utter ruin through neurasthenia.Hard work with strong nerves  
never yet hurt either man or  
woman, and we thus see the  
necessity of strong nerve control.How is it to be done? By  
nothing more difficult than by  
tending in the coupon and  
giving Coleman's Nerve Pills a  
free trial.We do not make exaggerated promises  
of unsustainable benefits; test them, you  
are the best judge of merit, and you'll  
never regret it.

Send Coupon to J. CHAPMAN &amp; CO., Ltd., Lower Westwick Street, NORWICH.

Dr. Rankin in the "Contemporary Review" says:  
"Nervousness is not a society craze, but a national  
calamity." It's time we woke up to its seriousness.COLEMAN'S  
NERVE PILLS

## ERADICATES NERVOUS DEBILITY.

11, Vivian-road, Wellsborough, February 2, 1906.

Dear Sir—The sample bottle of Coleman's Nerve  
Pills did me so much good that I sent for a 3s. 6d.  
bottle. I was suffering from extreme nervousness, but  
I am glad to say that I am restored to health again.  
My age is 63 years, but I now go about like a  
young man of 20. They are certainly the best nerve-  
tonic I have ever taken. Whenever I see one of your  
advertisements I cut out the coupon to give to some of  
my friends with a strong recommendation.

Yours faithfully,

W. SHEPHERD.

## SIGN THIS COUPON

To obtain full Sample Bottle of Coleman's extra-powerful  
Nerve Pills free of charge and post-paid.

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Address.....

"Daily Mirror," April 28, 1906.

NOTE.—This coupon, posted to J. Chapman & Co. (Ltd.),  
Lower Westwick Street, Norwich, in an open envelope, costs 3d.  
stamp, but will bring you £3 worth of nerve energy.Coleman's Pills can be obtained at all Chemists' and  
Stores at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d., or you can send 13 or  
33 stamps to the address below if you experience any  
difficulty in obtaining them, and they will be sent to  
your address by return post-paid.

## EPPS'S COCOA

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.

## BETTER CYCLES. LOWER COSTS.

YOU CAN NOW OBTAIN A

Singer  
The Cycle  
of  
distinctionon the easiest of P. P. systems from 10/- per month,  
or cash from £8 10s. Why be satisfied with any-  
thing less than "best"? Write for catalogue.

ROOM 82, SINGER &amp; CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

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two brakes (inverted levers), plated rims  
(coloured centres). First grade fully  
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Complete with plated lamp, bell, and all  
accessories. Ten days' approval. Four years'  
guarantee. Packed and delivered CARRIAGE  
FAIR. No agents. Direct from works only.  
I sold thousands last season. Full specifi-  
cation, photo, and 32 page book of testi-  
monials from the manufacturers, GEORGE  
BEATSON (Dept. 67), "LION" CYCLE  
WORKS, 45, MOSELEY ST., BIRMINGHAM.  
Monthly payments if desired.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

All instruments band and solo, wholesale prices; excep-  
tionally low instalment terms; orders by post receive  
special attention; catalogues free.—Douglas, 33, King's  
Chambers, South-st., London, E.C.BELL Canadian Organs, Pianos, and Piano-players; cash  
or easy payments; catalogues free.—Bell Piano and  
Organ Company, Limited, 49, Holborn-viaduct, London.15 GUINEAS.—PIANO-FORTE. "Duchess" model (list  
price 30 guineas), by D'Almaine (established 121  
years); solid iron frame, upright grand, full compass, full  
richard, celeste action, etc. in handsome case, 50 inches  
in height; returned from hire, equal to new; sent on ap-  
proval, carriage free both ways; 20 years' warranty; easy  
terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if ex-  
changed for a higher-class instrument within 3 years.—  
D'ALMAINE and CO., Ltd., 121 years, 91, Finsbury-pave-  
ment, City. Open till 7, Saturdays.

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1st V.B.E.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys  
under 15; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on ap-  
plication to the Headmaster.



## THE KING AT VESUVIUS.

Motors Through Chocolate  
Mud to the Volcano.

### ROYAL SNAPSHOTS.

Their Majesties Arrive at Naples  
in a Thunderstorm.

NAPLES, Friday.—King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived here, earlier than was expected, at seven o'clock this morning, in heavy rain.

The whole night had been exceptionally stormy, with rain and thunder, and the waves were running very high. It was naturally supposed that their Majesties would arrive late, but, instead of this, it took the royal yacht scarcely eleven hours to cross from Messina.

The semaphore hardly succeeded in signalling through the dense fog and rain that the King was coming, but a torpedo-boat immediately put out and brought the royal yacht into the arsenal. Just as the yacht came in the clouds lifted, and a magnificent rainbow was seen stretching from Vesuvius to the castle of Sant Elmo, as if as a sign of peace from the angry volcano.

King Edward hurried on deck with a pair of field-glasses and intently scanned the mountain, which could be clearly seen, but the clouds suddenly shut out the view. As their Majesties were not expected so soon, no salutes were fired.

Notwithstanding the extreme roughness of the sea, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria went up on deck in the morning and, when the sun came out, took some photographs. Subsequently the King and Queen received several visitors.—*Reuter.*

### DRIVE TOWARDS VESUVIUS.

Later.—At a quarter past two this afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Aosta arrived at the arsenal in a motor-car to meet King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who landed amid cheers from the crews of all the warships. Close to the landing-stage six motor-cars were in waiting. King Edward and the Duke of Aosta entered the first motor-car, while Queen Alexandra and the Duchess of Aosta took their places in the second, and set out for Vesuvius.

Unfortunately the condition of the roads in the neighbourhood of the volcano has not much improved since the outbreak, and beyond Naples they were found to be a mass of sticky, brown mud, formed by the rain falling on the volcanic ashes. The roads now resemble a vast expanse of liquid chocolate, while whole villages have been transformed into mudheaps of dreary desolation.

King Edward was in excellent spirits, looking upon all the discomfort—and real discomfort it was—from the humorous point of view, and making the best of everything.

The Neapolitans are greatly impressed with the energy and courage of the British Sovereigns in making the Vesuvius trip, despite the discomfort and risk involved in approaching the volcano at the present time.

It is announced that King Edward has contributed a sum of 20,000 lire (£2000) for the relief of the sufferers from the eruption.—*Reuter.*

### TALK WITH LORD ROSEBERY.

NAPLES, Friday.—This morning Lord Rosebery and Sir Charles and Lady Egerton went on board the royal yacht to pay their respects. The King and Queen listened to Lord Rosebery's account of his experiences during the eruption of Vesuvius with deep interest. The conversation then turned to the Olympic Games, which have greatly impressed Queen Alexandra, and her Majesty gave the most vivid descriptions of the athletic contests at Athens.

It is said that the Duchess of Aosta has persuaded the King and Queen to remain until Monday afternoon, in the hope that the weather will clear up.—*Reuter.*

### "SEASON" OPENS BRILLIANTLY.

The commencement of the London "Season" of 1906 will be marked by three grand state banquets to be given by the King at Buckingham Palace early next month.

The first of these will mark the end of the period of Queen Alexandra's mourning for the late King Christian, her father, on this occasion the Envoy of King Frederik of Denmark will be an important guest.

There will be no state balls this season, and the Queen will not go to Ascot. But in all other respects her Majesty will resume her ordinary routine.

## ZULU CHIEF IN OPEN REBELLION.

Sigananda's Tribe Throw Off All  
Pretence of Loyalty.

### HOSTILE SWAZIS.

There can no longer be any doubt about the restlessness of the black tribes in South Africa.

The whole tribe of the Zulu chief Sigananda has announced its allegiance to the rebel chief Bambata, and the conciliatory counsels of the chief Mankulmana, the envoy of Dinizulu, have been neglected.

In Swaziland, also, the greatest apprehension.

### THE QUEEN REGENT OF SWAZILAND.



Standing with her face turned away is the Queen Regent of Swaziland in the royal kraal, near Embabaa, the capital.

exists, and the white men resident there have made an urgent appeal for assistance and protection.

A detachment of Volunteers from the Transvaal has now crossed the Natal border, and is ready to give all assistance that may be required.

### LOYAL CHIEF WARNED.

N'KHANDELA, Friday.—Mankulmana has returned here, having utterly failed in his mission to Sigananda's tribe.

He was accorded a hostile reception by the tribe, was not allowed to see Sigananda personally, and was warned not to appear in the district again. He states that undoubtedly the whole of the tribe is in open rebellion.

Mankulmana has made it known as generally as possible that Dinizulu is not associated with Bambata.—*Reuter.*

### TORNADO AND EARTHQUAKES.

Towns Blown Down and Many Lives Lost by  
Violent Gales in America.

A terrific tornado and earthquake has, according to *Reuter*, swept the town of Bellevue, Texas, leaving only three houses standing where two hundred stood before.

Eleven people are stated to have been killed. In the wake of the earthquake came a fire, which consumed the wreckage.

Stoneburg was destroyed, with the loss of two lives. The towns of Hamilton and Hico, 120 miles to the south, were blown down an hour earlier, but there was no loss of life so far as is known.

A shock was yesterday experienced at Salinas, about 100 miles south of San Francisco.

Keenly desirous of doing something to help San Francisco, Pouchatoula, a small plantation town in Louisiana, noted for the beauty of its Creole women, and for its extreme poverty, sent its prettiest girl to New Orleans with the town's entire crop of early strawberries, says *Laffan*.

Standing at a street corner she quickly disposed of all her stock between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, realising over £400.

Latest news from Formosa is to the effect that over 400 houses were destroyed there, and more than 1,000 people killed.

### NOW "ADMIRAL SIR H. LAMBERTON."

The King, in connection with his recent visit to Corfu, has made several appointments to the Royal Victorian Order, including the following: Lord Charles Beresford, to be G.C.V.O., and Rear-Admiral Hedworth Lampton to be K.C.V.O.

## WOMEN'S VOTES.

Countess of Warwick Says Ladies' Gallery  
Scene has Set Back the Clock.

"The woman's cause has lost years through what happened yesterday," was the Countess of Warwick's comment on the remarkable incidents on Wednesday night in the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons.

The Countess was speaking in Fulham Town Hall at a meeting convened, under the presidency of Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., by the Social Democratic Federation.

The idea of women being against men was absurd, remarked the Countess. They should be companions and "pals."

She was not in favour of the present ridiculously small Bill; the end would be adult suffrage without reference to sex. If men and women worked together they could make the world better for the little ones.

Mr. Keir Hardie, speaking at Lewisham last night, said too much had been made of the incident which happened the other night when the motion for Women's Suffrage was under discussion.

He was in charge of the motion, and was confident that, had the disturbance not taken place, it would have been carried by an overwhelming majority.

### CLOSE RACE AT ATHENS.

England Beaten by Austria in 440 Yards  
Swimming Race by One Yard.

ATHENS, Friday.—The 440 yards swimming race was won this morning in Plinaster Bay by the young Austrian, Scheff, who is only sixteen years of age. He finished a yard in front of Taylor, Jarvis being third.

To-day the weather is cooler. This change is welcome, as some fatigue is noticeable among the competitors, the climate of Greece being scarcely conducive to extreme energy.

In the Athletic Pentathlon McGough (England) won his heat in the 1,650 yards race, Crabbe, another Englishman, being second, while Lieutenant Halswell (Scotland) won one of the preliminary heats in the 440 yards.—*Reuter.*

The single-scul race resulted in a victory for France.—*Reuter.*

ATLANTIS, Friday.—In the long jump America was first and third, and England second.—*Exchange.*

### TURMOIL IN FRANCE.

Authorities Worried by Labour Disturbances and  
Rejuvenescence of Royalists' Energy.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—The authorities are making elaborate arrangements for the quelling of any disturbances that may arise on May 1, and Paris will on that day be almost under military rule.

Another disquieting feature of the situation is a suspicion in official circles that another Royalist plot is being hatched, and, in connection with this, the premises of "La Croix," the Clerical organ, and the houses of several notable Royalists were to-day searched by the police, who are credited with having made discoveries which involve members of the aristocracy, many Clerics, and some leading Socialists.

Indeed, M. Clemenceau, Minister of the Interior, says the "Matin," credited with the remark that "we have not been beating empty coverts."

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Kubelik will close his American tour in Montreal next month, and will sail on May 19 for Liverpool.

The Minister of the Interior announces that the marriage of King Alfonso will take place on May 31.

A Rhyll telegram last night stated that the condition of Mr. Idris, M.P., was very critical, and he was unconscious.

TUNIS, Friday.—Fired by the preaching of an Algerian Marabout, some 300 natives of the Thala district have risen in revolt and murdered a French settler, his wife, and a servant.

The French barque Dunkerque, with the survivors of the Belgian training-ship Comte de Smet de Naeyer on board, was sighted yesterday, and was expected at Hamburg last night.

It is locally stated at Johannesburg that the Imperial Government has peremptorily ordered the issue of proclamations regarding the State-aided repatriation of Chinese coolies, and much uneasiness has been caused.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is:—Gusty westerly winds; milder; rain at intervals; short fair and sunny periods.  
Lighting-up time, 8.14 p.m.  
Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough.

## MISS TERRY'S STAGE JUBILEE.

The Famous Actress's Ovation at  
Last Night's Performance.

### "NEVER UNHAPPY LONG."

Fifty years on the stage! Is it possible?

Can Ellen Terry be fifty-eight?

Doctors used to order melancholic patients to go and see Toole. To see Ellen Terry, whether, as we saw her last night, in "The Merry Wives," or as we shall see her this afternoon in "Measure for Measure" at the Adelphi Theatre, and to-night in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" at the Court Theatre, would be an even finer prescription.

It seemed silly of people to wait outside His Majesty's Theatre from nine o'clock yesterday morning in order to get in to the jubilee performance. It seemed silly, that is, when one passed at ten o'clock.

At night, when the theatre was buzzing with excitement before the curtain went up, when the audience rose and greeted Ellen Terry with a prolonged roar of welcome, when they settled down to enjoy the play, and especially her delightful performance in it, when, at the end, the Playgoers' presentation was made—then it didn't seem silly at all.

If that was the only way they could get in to this memorable representation, then they were wise to wait. No one who was present would have missed it for anything. It was an evening of rapture.

### TEARS AND CHEERS.

At the end of the play, which went with a roar from start to finish, the curtain rose again, and Mr. Tree spoke the address to the heroine of the evening, written by Mr. Louis Parker. When it came to Miss Terry's turn to speak, she, in accordance with Mr. Parker's stage directions, stood "in pretty bewilderment and confusion," wondering what to say.

Fortunately a dove from the flies came to her aid, bearing in its beak a document which Miss Terry took and read. Her voice broke towards the end of her lines of gratefulness, and the scene closed leaving her in tears and the audience cheering as if to split the walls.

Immediately followed the Playgoers' Cluo presentation of a silver casket. Mr. Findon, in evening-dress and white gloves, read a long speech, and Miss Terry, in reply, read a short one.

Once more she broke down, in her reference to Sir Henry Irving and the old Lyceum days, and then her long oration for the jubilee was an ordeal—came to an end. But when the cheers of the audience and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" came to an end cannot be stated. These seemed likely to go on all night.

And what does she think of it all, Ellen Terry herself? What does she think of the Jubilee celebrations? And looking back over fifty years of hard work and ultimate triumph, how does she regard them?

Sitting back in a long armchair, and gazing earnestly through the spectacles which she always wears now in private life, she told the *Daily Mirror* her inmost thoughts.

"The celebration? Fair, far too kind! Altogether unexpected. I never dreamed of it. I'm not the kind of person who thinks of such things. I've always kept my private life to myself. It didn't seem to me that it could matter to the public whether I'd been fifty or a hundred years on the stage."

### GRATEFUL CONFUSION.

"Now it's come I'm simply covered with grateful confusion. I shall have some lovely presents, and I've had simply heaps and heaps of kind letters and wishes. Tell the public that I love them better than ever for being so fond of me!"

"And my fifty years? Well, they've slipped away so quickly and so happily that I would gladly begin them all over again. I suppose that is why you all say I look young, because I've got a happy temperament. Nothing seems to make me unhappy for long at a time."

"Well, now I must say good-bye. I've got over so many things to do all at the same time. The past few weeks have been a whirl of rehearsals and arrangements of every kind, and the next few weeks will be, too; for, you see, there is the great benefit at Drury Lane coming on in June. That will be the crowning point of the Jubilee. Mind you come."

### SIR E. CLARKE HAS A RELAPSE.

Sir Edward Clarke, M.P., who should have arrived at Plymouth yesterday on the steamship Mooltan, from the Mediterranean, was obliged to disembark at Gibraltar owing to a relapse.

### DEATH OF A PEERAGE CLAIMANT.

Mr. John Fraser, the claimant to the extensive estates and the title of Baron Lovat, has just died in his eighty-second year.

Ten years ago the case almost rivalled the famous Tichborne case in attracting public attention. The deceased spent a large fortune in endeavouring to prove his claim.



## TO-NIGHT'S BATTLE AT OLYMPIA.

Hackenschmidt and Madrali Both  
Determined to Win.

### 12,000 SPECTATORS.

At Olympia to-night two of the greatest wrestlers the world has known meet to decide which shall be called champion of the world.

For two years Madrali—with un-Oriental impatience—has waited to avenge that fateful minute when his pride and his arm were broken at the first grip. It will be remembered that at the meeting at Olympia just over two years ago Hackenschmidt threw the Turk in forty-four seconds.

Since then Madrali's many challenges have been ignored, or fallen through, but after much pressure Hackenschmidt has consented to once more "take the mat" against the only wrestler in the world who is admittedly in his own class.

The details of the match are:—

Stakes—Championship of the world, and £100 a side. Winner—65 per cent. of apportioned share of the gate. Loser—35 per cent. of apportioned share of the gate. Conditions—Best of three falls in catch-as-catch-can style. Number expected to be present—12,000.

### The Giants Compared.

For some weeks the two men have been undergoing a special preparation. When they face each other to-night their physical comparisons will be:—

	Hackenschmidt.	Madrali.
Age	29	29
Height	5ft. 9in.	6ft. 0in.
Weight	14st. 12lb.	15st. 5lb.
Chest	38in.	45in.
Biceps	19in.	19in.

The question as to whether Hackenschmidt or Madrali will turn out the winner is a hard one, and the real critics can hardly form a sensible opinion as to the finish. One side backs Hackenschmidt's agility, the other pins its faith to the Turk's bear-like hug. There is, of course, a third party, who insist that the match is a fake; but that is nonsense.

Hackenschmidt has too much to lose, and Madrali has too much to gain, and there is a mutual antagonism between the two which no "arrangement" could conciliate when they once get their arms round each other.

Madrali has never forgiven, and probably never will forgive, Hackenschmidt for cracking his arm; and the Russian, who has been goaded and girded at by his great opponent—sometimes in terms which he warmly resented—is mad to prove that his last victory was no fluke. And, besides, he does not think that the Turk quite played the game at Olympia in the last fight.

Who will win? It is a most intricate puzzle. Hackenschmidt is quick as lightning, and of terrific strength, a strength which is rather underrated. But he is impulsive and so fearless that he may give openings which the Turk can take advantage of; and Madrali can wait for these openings, and, what is more, use them.

### Opinions of Wrestlers.

Munro was positive that Madrali would win the match before he himself wrestled the Turk; and he certainly had no reason to change his opinion after the match. Jenkins, on the contrary, thought that Hackenschmidt could tear his man to rags if he wanted to. These two men should know; but there are lots of others who should know, too, and their opinions conflict most strangely. There is one point, however, to be remembered: Madrali knows far more about the leg-work of the game.

The attendance is likely to be a tremendous one, 12,000 being the number already quoted. The seating accommodation alone can provide for 10,000 people, and as the seats are well raised all the "sitting department" will command an uninterrupted view of the contest.

And, however the match goes, the excitement is sure to be as great as at the first meeting, when the tense enthusiasm of a lifetime was crowded into forty-four seconds.

### ANNOUNCING THE RESULT.

Immediately the result of the great Hackenschmidt and Madrali wrestling match is declared at Olympia to-night it will be announced to the whole of London, for the "Evening News" has arranged to fire a series of military observation shells from the roof of the building.

These shells are the same as those used in the Russo-Japanese and South Africa wars to light up the scene of night operations. They rise to a height of 300ft., and then open into great globes of fire, which can be seen for four or five miles across London.

Red lights will mean that Madrali, the Terrible Turk, has won, for red is the colour of the Turkish flag.

White lights will mean that Hackenschmidt, the Russian lion, has won. White is the groundwork of the Russian flag.

In case of a draw the lights will be green.

## VOTES FOR HALF A CROWN.

Witnesses in Yarmouth Election Petition Say  
They Were Bribed.

When Justices Grantham and Channell yesterday resumed the hearing of the Yarmouth election petition, in which Mr. J. Martin White, the unsuccessful Liberal candidate, is seeking to have declared void the election of Mr. Arthur Fell, M.P., Mr. Dickens, K.C., made an interesting application.

From learned counsel's statement it seemed that two men, named Brown and Hewitt, whose evidence is considered to be of great importance, had disappeared. After hearing the circumstances their Lordships made a special order for their appearance.

Then William Wallage, a twine maker, alleged that he and other men were paid half a crown for voting for Mr. Fell.

This evidence was corroborated by Abel Newsome, who described himself as a seafaring man, and added, amid laughter, "Of course, I was the first who took the money."

He created great amusement by telling how he was invited by a Mr. Knights to take a drive to the polling station. "He (Mr. Knights)," remarked the witness, "once did me the favour of giving me fourteen days in Norwich Gaol, and I thought I was going to be driven back there again."

Mr. Justice Grantham: You thought it was Black Maria? What sort of a carriage was it?—It was a one-horse cab, shut up as if it was going to rain.

### LORD CREWE.



It was debated in the Commons whether his salary of £2,000 a year as President of the Council should be reduced.—(Bassano.)

### HOUSING OF HODGE.

Bill to Provide Better Cottages for Agricultural Labourers.

The half-day sitting of the House of Commons yesterday was devoted to a debate on a Bill to provide better cottages for agricultural labourers. In giving the Bill his benediction, the President of the Local Government Board (Mr. Burns) said his Department were determined to do their utmost to "help lame dogs over the stile."

"The question of finance is," declared Mr. Burns, "the great stumbling-block, but I will do my best to persuade the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Treasury, and the Public Works Loan Commissioners to listen to the plea for cheaper capital with a more sympathetic ear than hitherto."

The second reading was agreed to, and the Bill was referred to a Select Committee.

### "THOSE ABOUT TO DIE."

Interesting First English Production of Sudermann's  
Gruesome "Morituri" Trilogy.

Last night the Sudermann cycle was continued at the German Theatre by the production for the first time on the English stage of the "Morituri" trilogy. It consists of a study of "those about to die"—as the quaint English translation runs—embodied in three one-act dramas.

In Drama I, the situation shows a young officer bidding farewell to his invalid mother and fiancée before engaging in a duel in which he knows he will be killed.

In Drama II, the leader of a beleaguered city tells his young wife that to-morrow he and his men will make a sortie against the enemy and seek a glorious death, as victory is impossible.

In Drama III, a lover tests his sweetheart by pretending to be killed in a duel, and hears his sweetheart pardoning his supposed victim.

### SERGEANTS ACCUSE COLONEL.

A court-martial was opened yesterday at Aldershot to hear a charge against Quartermaster-Sergeant Jordan and Staff-Sergeant Grainger of bringing a false accusation of dishonesty against Colonel O'Leary, the Commandant of the Signalling School at Aldershot.

Owing to the illness of Jordan only the case of Grainger was investigated, and the proceedings were adjourned.

## MR. SCHWAB BLUFFED

Delicate Definitions of Trade Devices In the "Constable" Case.

### WARY MILLIONAIRE.

How a distinguished American millionaire was "bluffed" was the theme round which the fancy of counsel and Judge in King's Bench Court III. played gracefully yesterday.

"Bluff" was the word that the "bluffer," Mr. Max Rothschild, himself chose. He said "It was merely trade bluff. It was not strictly true."

He is the son of Mr. David Rothschild, the well-known Charles-street art dealer, who is plaintiff in a breach of contract action, claiming damages against Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the Steel King, with regard to the alleged sale of a "Constable," a picture of "A Lock Near Dedham."

The two Rothschilds say that Mr. Schwab, after having made a "firm offer" of £3,000 for the picture, and having in the meantime received a message from a courier at the Carlton Hotel, offering to get the picture for less, cabled "Offer withdrawn."

"You are familiar with the correspondence?" asked Mr. Isaacs, K.C., affably, as he began his cross-examination of Mr. Rothschild, jun.

The young man assented, and the K.C. added even more affably, "and you approve of it?"

Mr. Rothschild, jun., replied in the frankest possible manner: "No, I am sorry we wrote in the way we did."

"Sorry because you told so many untruths?" put in Mr. Isaacs quickly.

### Strictly Speaking "Untruths."

Mr. Rothschild reflected. "I suppose they were, strictly speaking, untruths," he said.

He was referring to the admitted fact that Mr. Prideaux, the owner, was willing to take £250, and that, strictly speaking, he was not holding out for £3,000, or demanding his money.

"Is this your usual method of conducting business?" asked the K.C. curiously.

The witness replied that it was not necessarily so. "In all businesses one has to resort to a certain amount of bluff," he added with a frank smile.

Counsel after this indulged in a fantastic play on words. Would it not be better to say that what witness told Mr. Schwab was "strictly false" rather than "not strictly true"?

Mr. Justice Lawrence was more direct. "Could it have been made more false?" he asked.

Mr. Rothschild (with smiling frankness): I dare say it could.

Mr. Isaacs then referred to an incident after the "firm offer" was made. Mr. Rothschild had gone to the owner of the picture and proposed that the owner's price should be reduced from £250 to £250.

Mr. Rothschild was asked to explain the difference between "trade bluff" and "haggling," and replied that the line between them was very fine.

### Line Without the "N."

Mr. Isaacs: It is a line without the "n." Later in the day Mr. Rothschild, sen., gave evidence. He agreed with Mr. Isaacs that he did not leave all his business "to the boys."

The judge at this point analyzed Mr. Rothschild's position when his letter stated that "he had induced the owner of the picture, etc." The way his Lordship put it was Gilbertian.

"You induced yourself to accept £4,000, and you thought it possible you might get yourself to accept a little less, if you went to yourself with a firm offer." (Laughter.)

Mr. Rothschild, in a somewhat bewildered way, "supposed that he did go to himself." The case was adjourned.

### MARKET FOR HUSBANDS.

Irish Brides Whose Lovers Are Allured by the  
Extent of Their Dowries.

There was a prosaic answer to the action for damages for breach of promise of marriage brought yesterday in the Dublin courts by Miss Julia Brannigan, a farmer's daughter, against Patrick Howell, a farmer.

Patrick denied the promise, and, in true Hibernian fashion, said that if there were a promise it was conditional on his receiving a marriage portion of £250, which had not been paid him.

Howell said he met Miss Brannigan in Drogheda. He told her he wanted a wife and some money, and asked her if she would have any objection to "take on" with him.

She said she had none, and he then paid a visit to her at her house in order to arrange about her fortune.

Plaintiff said that defendant was profuse in his promises. She had £250. From the woman he married Patrick got £300. Miss Brannigan was awarded £300 damages.

A conference is to be held at Cardiff on an early date to discuss a scheme for the establishment of colliery rescue corps throughout Wales.

## ELECTROBUS SHARES.

Practically Valueless—Applicants' Protest  
Against Hasty Allotment.

£1 shares in the London Electrobus Co. were yesterday valued on the Stock Exchange at a discount of 3, or 7s. 6d. in the £. It was practically impossible for them to sink lower.

The numbers of early applicants for shares, who are now anxious to withdraw their applications, showed no sign of diminishing, and many of those shareholders who have already received allotments are seeking to recover their money on the ground that allotment was made after their telegrams and letters of withdrawal were received at the company's office. As proof of this they point to the date of the postmarks upon the letters they received containing their allotment letters. Legal proceedings for the restitution of money are already being taken by three firms of solicitors.

A member of the Stock Exchange said to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday: "The shares are valueless; the only way to get rid of them is to pay people to take the responsibility of your hands."

A circular has been issued by the company protesting against the criticisms which have appeared, and saying "in spite of them, the directors on Tuesday proceeded to a first allotment on the receipt of applications for over 75,000 shares received from 1,300 investors."

### APRIL'S RECORD SICK-LIST.

Remarkable Increase of Out-patients at Many of  
the London Hospitals.

A medical man with a good London suburban practice stated yesterday that throughout the course of twenty years' experience he had never had more patients on his books than at the present time.

This was corroborated by another doctor, who said that the first fortnight in April, 1906, had been productive of more cases of illness in his locality than he had ever known before.

At the four outlying hospitals, Croydon General, West London, Great Northern, and Tottenham Hospital, the medical out-patient departments have been crowded. In one specially notable case, that of the West Central Hospital, the attendance record showed that 800 more out-patients had been seen in Easter week of this year than were seen in the corresponding week of 1905, an increase of 16 per cent.

### NO THIRD-CLASS "SLEEPERS."

Average Passenger Would Not Pay Extra Five  
Shillings, and Prefers a Pillow at Sixpence.

"There is very little demand by third-class passengers for sleeping-cars," said a Midland Railway official to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, with reference to Colonel Lockwood's promise in the House of Commons that he would bring the matter before the companies.

"Third-class sleeping-cars would be run at a heavy loss. It is doubtful whether third-class passengers would pay the 5s. or 7s. 6d. extra charged to first-class passengers for sleeping accommodation, and which amount probably hardly covers the extra cost."

"The pillows and rugs now let out to passengers at 6d. each are in great request in third-class traffic, and are held to be quite enough of a luxury by the average third-class passenger."

### LAST DAYS OF THE "CITY ATLAS."

Famous Old Omnibus Ousted from the Road and  
To Be Sold by Auction.

The motor-omnibus has claimed a respected victim; in the "City Atlas" express, which is to be sold by auction. This famous three-horsed omnibus ran daily, year in and year out, from St. John's Wood to the Mansion House.

With forty other omnibuses and nearly 500 horses, the property of Mr. C. W. French, of Camden Town, the "Atlas" will come under the hammer next week. In future Mr. French, the chief individual owner of horsed omnibuses in London, will run motor-omnibuses in their place.

Regularly every morning at 8.45, the same band of Citygoers used to run in their specially-reserved seats on the "City Atlas," and the conductor would stop for no chance passenger or old lady flourishing an umbrella.

It was the pride of the veteran passengers that often they beat the "new-fangled" motor-omnibuses.

### "COLISEUM'S TROUBLES."

In our report yesterday of the facts pertaining to the call upon the shareholders of the Coliseum for additional capital, we stated that each £5 share had been assessed £25.

This was a printer's error. The amount called for is not £25, but £2 5s. We greatly regret the mistake.



## EARLY MORNING WEDDINGS.

"Dagonet" Thinks People Could Not Be Wide-Awake.

### BREAKFAST FIRST.

Mr. George R. Sims does not agree at all with Canon Horsley's views upon the proper hour for wedding ceremonies.

"Dagonet" takes an entirely practical view of the situation.

"Eight o'clock in the morning—ridiculous!" he said to the *Daily Mirror* during a conversation in Regent's Park yesterday morning. "When two people go to get married they ought to be as wide awake as possible. Now, how can you expect anybody to be wide awake at 8 a.m.?"

"No; I have the greatest respect for Canon Horsley, but I cannot agree in any one respect with his views on this subject."

"The only result of instituting an early-morning marriage would be, to my mind, to increase immensely the number of marriages at the registrar's office."

"The Canon is advocating the Jewish custom, when he suggests that the contracting parties at a wedding should not break their fast before the ceremony."

"I say, let people be married when they like. With many of the working classes it is a convenience to be married at eight, or even earlier if possible in the morning; but with the better class it is absurd."

"At Three on a Frosty Morning."

"Imagine the bride, on the most important day of her life, rising at three on a chilly winter's morning so that she may be dressed in time for the eight o'clock ceremony, and then having to wait till nine or ten before she can get anything to eat. I think, too, of the guests, coming from distant parts to be present at the wedding, starting out from their homes before sunrise."

"The young bride loves to have as many of her friends as she can possibly get to witness her great happiness, and, perhaps, triumph, in being married. Why the poor girl wouldn't have a single person present except the bridegroom."

"No; the whole idea is utterly unpracticable, and, as for delaying the honeymoon for a year, if that should become the custom I am afraid that many people would never have a honeymoon at all."

"I think the honeymoon absolutely essential to a marriage. If I were a bride, I shouldn't think much of a husband who didn't consider that I was worth losing a few days' work for—that is the excuse I have heard offered by working people who have not gone on a honeymoon."

Marriages of Convenience.

"Neither the Church nor any other institution will ever drive the bulk of the people into getting married at any other time but that which suits them."

"My opinion in a nutshell is: let weddings be conducted on the 'two houses a night' system. Those who get up early, let them be married at eight in the morning if they wish it, and those who get up late, let them be married in the afternoon."

"Don't bring any compulsion into the case. Let people marry when they like, and then let them go away and enjoy themselves for the longest honeymoon they can afford."

### A CUP-TIE PHOTOGRAPH.

An Explanation That We Feel is Due from Us to Our Readers.

Having received numerous letters from subscribers calling our attention to the football photograph printed on the front page of our issue of April 23, we think it due to our readers that we should explain the circumstances under which it was published.

On April 20 we instructed Messrs. J. Russell and Son, who have the exclusive right of taking photographs at the Crystal Palace, to furnish us with photographs of the Cup final at the Crystal Palace on the Saturday.

We were in due course furnished with certain photographs, and amongst them the photograph in question, which, with another, was selected by our Art Editor for publication.

As we have commenced an action for damages against Messrs. J. Russell and Son our hands are tied, and we are unable at present to give any further explanation.

### BROKEN ACTOR RECITES FOR A HALFPENNY.

Presenting a terribly dilapidated appearance, John Young was remanded on a begging charge at Thames Police Court yesterday.

"For twenty-five years he was Mr. George Conquest's leading man at the Surrey Theatre, and when arrested was offering to recite 'Christmas Day in the Workhouse' and 'The Fireman's Wedding' for one halfpenny."

## ROYAL TROUSSEAU.

Viewing Princess Ena's Gowns a Popular Attraction in the West End.

A future Queen's trousseau is of incomparable interest to ladies who are anxious to see the best handiwork of the dressmaker, and viewing Princess Ena's trousseau is the latest attraction of society.

The gowns bear the hallmark of perfection, and there is little wonder that the feminine mind is quite unable to resist the opportunity of seeing them.

On Thursday Mme. Lambert's, in Hanover-square, was thronged by an excited crowd of ladies, anxious to feast their eyes on the beautiful lingerie and costumes, which had been neatly arranged.

Yesterday a further instalment of the trousseau was on view at Mrs. Baxley's, 5, St. George's-street, Eccleston-square, and thither many invited persons went to see the half-dozen dresses displayed. One, a pink ninnon de soie, was a lovely creation. It was trimmed with valuable lace given by Princess Henry, and which formed part of her own trousseau. Many yards in length, it added a wonderfully tasteful effect. The gown was made more complete by bouquets of raised satin roses, tinted to natural colours.

Other costumes included a black chiffon velvet, a white lace garden party costume, a late evening gown, and a smart white cloth costume trimmed with Irish lace. The dresses were packed up last night and sent off.

It seems possible that trousseau-viewing will become quite a fashion, and an exhibition of lingerie and gowns would certainly be quite as attractive to the feminine mind as the finest display of the jeweller's art as shown in wedding presents.

### GOLDEN ROSE FROM THE POPE.

Messenger from the Vatican Arrives in Madrid with the Coveted Honour.

The Marquis de Tovar, Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, arrived at Madrid yesterday, says Reuter, with the Golden Rose and a letter from the Pope for Princess Ena.

The Golden Rose is a distinction usually reserved for Catholic Sovereigns whom the Pontiff wishes to honour in an especial manner.

The rose is exquisitely modelled in gold, with flower, leaves, and thorns, and is generally sent to the recipient in a silver-gilt vase. For generations a firm of Roman goldsmiths has made it for the Popes at a cost of £320.

The King of Spain, who was again in mufli, motored to East Cowes at noon yesterday, accompanied by Princess Henry and Princes Leopold and Maurice, Princess Ena not being one of the party, owing to a very slight cold.

### VANLOADS OF "EVIDENCE."

Father and Son Accused of "Long Firm" Swindles on an Extensive Scale.

Four pantechon vans filled with goods entered the Tower Bridge Police Station yesterday in connection with a case which came before the magistrate.

The goods included a large number of galvanised iron dustbins, iron gutters, rolls of roofing-felt, cases of wines and spirits, rolls of wall-paper, mats, leather, hatchets, tools, beeswax, and brushes.

These were "produced" at the court in support of a "long firm" charge against Frederick Charles Scott and his son, Lionel, of Peckham.

The police reported that they found at the office of the accused inventories of goods from Northampton, Stockport, Halesham, Dublin, Falkirk, Glasgow, Sheffield, Leith, Stafford, Tipton, West Bromwich, Wistow, N.B., Malmö (Sweden), Lubek, Nuremberg, Marchienne-au-Port (Belgium), Veldre, Paris, Berlin, Worcester (Massachusetts), Dresden, Chemnitz, Hohlborn, Quedlinburg, Albert-le-Somme, Buhl (Baden), and elsewhere. The case was adjourned.

### HOW £550 VANISHED.

At a meeting of the creditors of Arthur Church, draper, of Tufnell Park, in London, yesterday, it was stated that he received £937 compensation after a fire.

After paying certain debts, he was carrying £550 in gold in a bag, when it was exchanged by some clever rogue for another. His debts were estimated at about £1,000, and the matter was left in the hands of the Official Receiver.

### JUDGE EDGE AND THE EGG CRAZE.

"Poultry farming has not been successful of late," pleaded a debtor in the Clerkenwell County Court yesterday.

Judge Edge: From all we have heard and read, eggs have been in great demand.

The proposal to take a Sheffield chorus to Germany has been abandoned because it would seriously interfere with the work of the local choruses.

## MISS CORELLI'S SUIT.

Has She Been Libelled by Picture Postcards?

### KNOTTY LEGAL POINTS.

Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady resumed in the Chancery Court yesterday his hearing of the motion, on behalf of Miss Marie Corelli, the well-known authoress, for an injunction restraining Messrs. A. and E. Wall, of Stratford-on-Avon, until trial or further order, from publishing or otherwise disposing of picture postcards purporting to depict scenes in the private or home life of Miss Corelli, and exposing her to ridicule and contempt.

Mr. Eve, K.C., said that Miss Corelli was engaged in literary pursuits, and lived at Stratford-on-Avon. She had taken some part in the social life of the neighbourhood. In the early part of this month a Shakespearean festival was arranged to commemorate what was alleged to be the birthday of one William Shakespeare. In anticipation of the large number of persons who would resort to Stratford-on-Avon and desire to become acquainted with the other notable people of the place, the defendants took upon themselves to produce sets of postcards in envelopes, called *The Distinguished Authors Series*.

Miss Corelli at once took objection to the cards, and if her Lordship would look at a recent photograph of the lady he would see what a gross libel had been perpetrated on her features. One of the cards was alleged to be "Shakespeare and his contemporaries," which looked as if the defendants suggested that Shakespeare was a contemporary of Miss Corelli.

Miss Corelli annulled.

The cards had caused Miss Corelli considerable annoyance, and the offence was aggravated by the fact that after the stations at Stratford-on-Avon had stopped selling the cards the defendants employed a large body of sandwichmen to parade the place, including the front of Miss Corelli's house, with notices that they could be obtained at defendants' place of business or private house.

This had made the private life of Miss Corelli intolerable, especially as a large number of strangers were being attracted to the town.

In the defence one of the defendants said he was present on the occasion when Miss Corelli presented a cup to the boat club. The card in question was, he said, the best representation he could give from recollection of the features of the lady who was so gracefully presenting the cup.

He also said that the lady sometimes went on the Avon in a gondola, and the cards depicted the sort of thing that went on last summer. "Sweetness to the Sweet" was a card showing a pony-carriage outside Miss Corelli's house. The last of the cards, showing Miss Corelli with a pet dog on a lawn, was admitted to be purely imaginary. She had no dog.

### A FINE POINT.

His Lordship was asked to say that the cards were libellous.

The Judge: Because cards are unlike, must they necessarily be libellous?

Counsel said that in this case there could be no doubt that they were. He also submitted that the gondola picture was a ridiculous one as a work of art.—His Lordship: A work of art at a halfpenny! He went on saying nothing about the taste of the persons who published the cards, especially after Miss Corelli had objected, but he was looking for legal grounds of objection.

Mr. Percy Wheeler for the defence submitted that the question was whether or not plaintiff had suffered any legal injury. Did it hold a person up to ridicule and contempt to say that she had been a "Sweetness to the Sweet" in an extremely sensitive age? If Miss Corelli had informed defendants, who sent her a set of the cards, that she objected, they would have withdrawn them at once, but she immediately served them with a solicitor's notice of the application to the Vacation Judge.

In her affidavit, read by counsel, Miss Corelli said that she went to Stratford-on-Avon for the purpose of obtaining privacy.

Miss Edith Wall, one of the defendants, in her affidavit in reply, declared that Miss Corelli had resided at Stratford-on-Avon for seven years, and, so far from seeking privacy, she had courted publicity in every way. The cards, she contended, were fair and reasonably accurate representations of scenes with which the people in the place were familiar.

In conclusion, it was urged that if the portraits had been flattering nothing would have been heard of this case. Very few ladies would admit a photograph did them justice, and Miss Corelli was no exception to the rule.

The Judge reserved his decision.

### LAMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Photographers are complaining that the picture postcard craze has destroyed a most profitable part of their business.

At one time they could sell portraits of political, social, and theatrical celebrities at 2s. to 1s. apiece. Now they can be bought on postcards at 1d.

## DIVORCE V. SEPARATION.

Justice Barnes Says the Latter Tends to Encourage Misconduct.

An important pronouncement was made yesterday in the Divorce Court regarding matrimonial matters by Sir Gorell Barnes.

The President stated it as his opinion that the law should be amended as to separations between man and wife under the Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1895, under which magistrates had power to make the divorce, a wife's duty to prove both misconduct and desertion or cruelty.

The Judge thought permanent separation without divorce had a distinct tendency to encourage misconduct, and was an unsatisfactory remedy to apply to the evil which the Act was supposed to prevent.

It could not be doubted that the present law controlling divorce and separation was not satisfactory, although he was not in favour of making the obtaining of a divorce too easy. Referring to the treatment of husbands and wives under the divorce laws, his Lordship drew attention to the fact that in most civilised countries a woman proving misconduct against her husband could obtain a divorce. In England, however, a wife had to prove both misconduct and desertion or cruelty.

### LONDON GAOLS OVERFLOWING.

Boarding-Out System Fails to Relieve Pressure, and New Prison Will Have To Be Built.

The Home Office is face to face with the urgent necessity of providing increased prison accommodation in London, and the official eye is understood to be bent on the East End as likely to provide a suitable site for a new gaol.

Holloway, Brixton, and Pentonville Gaols are filled to their utmost capacity, and already the boarding-out system is in force. Many remand prisoners are now sent to Wormwood Scrubs, pending trial.

Provincial gaols are feeling the effect of London's glut of prisoners, scores of short-sentence convicts being sent to Leveson, Portland, and Chatham, formerly reserved entirely for those sentenced to penal servitude.

The last Blue-book dealing with criminal matters showed that since 1899, which came at the end of a long series of years of decreasing criminality, the number of convictions has steadily grown.

### EVERY MAN HIS OWN FIREMAN.

Directions to Householders as to the Best Means of Escape from Burning Buildings.

Every man his own fireman is the text upon which Captain Shean bases much useful advice published on a card suitable for hanging up in private dwellings.

"How to Treat Burns" is a subject about which the most appalling ignorance prevails, yet often by prompt measures terrible suffering may be mitigated.

The danger from dust, precautions in dealing with electric light apparatus, simple rules for escaping from burning buildings when retreat appears to be cut off, and precautions against suffocation are among the points dealt with.

Captain Shean confirms the advice given by the *Daily Mirror* recently, as to dealings with insurance companies, and there is much other useful information for the 6d. at which price the card is published.

### IN A WORLD OF CRIMINALS.

Mr. Jabez Balfour's Story of His Prison Life Commences in To-morrow's "Weekly Dispatch."

During ten years of imprisonment, one of the most remarkable men of the century, to save himself from madness, kept a wonderful mental diary.

The man was Jabez Balfour. For over 4,000 days, when his arduous work was over, this genius of finance, in his desolate cell, kept up this chronicle in his brain.

The incidents of the day, the strange system which governs prison life, the doings of the human automata about him, he recorded everything.

With an amazing faithfulness to the minutest detail this vivid mental diary has been reproduced by Mr. Balfour since his liberty.

Publishers all over the world have endeavoured unsuccessfully to obtain the rights of this startling work. The "Weekly Dispatch" was ahead of them all, and in to-morrow's issue will be published the first chapter, telling of the terrible degradation, the fall from great riches to poverty and disgrace, and the opening of the prison doors.

### CORONER'S PLEA FOR GREATER POWERS.

Mr. Troutbeck, the well-known London coroner, urged at Battersea yesterday night a coroner should be empowered to order a post-mortem examination, and, being satisfied with the result, grant a certificate without holding an inquest.



## FOOTBALL'S ANNUAL TEST MATCH.

Corinthians and Liverpool for the Sheriff's Shield.

### A DAY FOR CHARITY.

BY CITIZEN.

The Corinthians and Liverpool meet to-day to decide who are to hold the Sheriff of London Shield for the next twelve months.

This match at Craven Cottage, Fulham, is tantamount to a completely representative test of the two great styles in which the Association game is played. The Corinthians have their own dashing methods of dribbling and long passes with the kick forward. The professionals depend as a rule on a finished system of short passing.

And so under fair conditions we may rightly expect one of the best shows of the year. There is nothing of the exaggerated anxiety that so regularly ruins the English Cup Final with its over-trained men. Everything has made for an attractive show.

For the Corinthians it has been a wonderful season, both at home and abroad. Since the era of Cobbold and the ever-famous brothers Walters they have not had such a season. Two victories over the Queen's Park team of Glasgow are something of which any side may be proud, even if Queen's Park are not so good as they were in Walter Arnott's and the Lambies' days.

Both Sides Eager.

Is the city of Liverpool to secure another great trophy? One of its clubs has the English Cup and the other the League championship. And Liverpool, the best professional side of the year—that is, if consistency is allowed to speak—are anxious for this Sheriff of London Shield. They will have their best side out this afternoon; and Londoners generally are anxious to renew acquaintance with Raisbeck, Raybould, Cox, and Parkinson.

The Corinthians will have their best eleven as well, for they, too, are anxious for the shield which they lost last year to Sheffield Wednesday. Behind the superb half-back line—J. D. Craig, Morgan Owen, and Hunt—there are Rowlandson in goal and Blackburn and Timmis at full-back; and the forwards will be Vassall, Sam Day (or George Harris), B. S. Foster, S. Harris, and E. D. G. Wright.

Mr. A. J. Balfour originally promised to be at the match and present the shield; but he has had to change his arrangements, and that splendid all-round sportsman, the Lord Chief Justice—past president of the M.C.C. and president of Surrey Cricket Club—will undertake the task. Lord Kinaird and Mr. F. E. Smith, the member for Liverpool, will be present, and the City of London Corporation will be represented by Sir William Trevelyan and Sir Thomas Dewar, the latter of whom was the donor of the shield.

Help for the Hospitals.

All the profits of the match are for the London hospitals. Everyone connected with it has behaved handsomely: the Fulham Club placed its ground at the disposal of the committee; Liverpool desired no guarantee; there are the kind of luxuries in which even League clubs can indulge. The sportsman is nothing if not generous.

The kick-off is fixed for half-past three, and all roads should lead to Craven Cottage this afternoon. The ground is admirably served by railways to either of the Putney stations and by omnibus routes.

In London there is the semi-final for the Southern Charity Cup at Plumstead between Tottenham Hotspur and Woolwich Arsenal. The winners of this match have to meet Reading on Monday at Fulham. The matches are placarded "all pay," and it is gratifying to hear from Mr. J. M. Dick, the originator of the contest, that the English Cup has been a greater success than in any previous year.

The Arsenal will be at full strength. For the 'Spurs-Vivian Woodward is turning out; but Bull has sprained his foot, and his absence will seriously weaken the Tottenham half-back line.

League Excitements.

Who is to go down to the Second Division with the Wolverhampton Wanderers? is the question that those interested in the League are asking themselves. It is a matter that Notts Forest, Middlesbrough, and Bury must settle. They are all playing away from home in their last match. The Foresters, who are engaged with the English Cup winners, hold an advantage of a point; Middlesbrough are playing Blackburn Rovers with a lead in the goal average over Bury, who are at Sunderland. It is a nice open contest with which to finish the season.

London's Senior Cup final is to be replayed at Herne Hill, the New Crusaders expecting in this instance to beat Dulwich Hamlet, though the latter are supposed to have something of an advantage in being so near home.

"GENTLY BUT FIRMLY," see paragraphs in all the Papers, "Gently but Firmly."—(Adv.)

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

With reference to the projected visit of Labour members to Australia, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald states that in view of the possibility of an autumn session it would be out of the question for them to go.

The funeral of the late Mr. Martin Cobbett will take place on Monday at two o'clock at Stoke D'Abernethy Church, Cobham, Surrey.

Four Russians were yesterday put back for deportation certificates at Clerkenwell Sessions, where being the receiving of furs stolen from a Brick-lane warehouse.

A small fire broke out on a District Railway train at Gloucester-road yesterday morning, and an hour earlier the service was delayed by inability to start a train at King's Cross.

The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at St. Pancras yesterday, from York Cottage, Sandringham, and were driven to Marlborough House, where they will stay until the return of the King and Queen and Prince and Princess of Wales from the Continent.

Both the submarine B8, which went aground at Haslar Creek, Portsmouth, and the coastguard cruiser Julia, which was on the rocks near Queens-town, have been towed off. The former is undamaged, the latter only slightly injured.

Many of the public authorities of the county have agreed to support financially the proposal to establish an open-air sanatorium for Middlesex.

Major W. A. Adams, who reduced the majority of Mr. Will Crooks at the last election by over 1,000 votes, has expressed his willingness to contest Woolwich again.

In the Chancery Division yesterday Mr. Justice Buckley appointed a receiver for the Sporting and Dramatic Club, Ltd., at the instance of the holder of a debenture for £200, issued to him only a month ago.

Second-hand men's underclothing was exposed for sale yesterday on the railings of St. Paul's Churchyard by an enterprising foreigner, but before doing any business he was moved off by a constable.

### MISS ELLEN TERRY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.



17½ years ago to-day Miss Ellen Terry made her first appearance, at the age of eight, on the stage in "The Winter's Tale," when she played the part of Mamillius. The photograph shows her with the famous Charles Kean.

The Press Club will hold its annual ladies' dinner at the New Gaiety Restaurant at seven o'clock to-night.

Fast locomotives of the Great Northern express type are being introduced on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, several having already been delivered.

While crossing Gt. Portland-street yesterday a District Messenger boy was knocked down by a horse and so badly injured that he had to be removed to the hospital.

India's expanding trade is summarised by a Blue-book issued yesterday, which shows that last year the total volume was £222,263,547, as compared with £208,944,476 in the previous year.

In practically the whole of the London County Council schools, says the Education Committee's report, instruction in Scripture knowledge appears to be satisfactorily and successfully given.

For lilies of the valley a vicar in Carmarthen draws £500 a year from a London firm, while an old lady in Berkshire is said to make an annual income of £1,000 from Maréchal Niel roses.

The Midland Railway Company are now running special covered trucks for the conveyance of motor-cars.

Yesterday the Leeds College of Dramatic Art dispatched a jewel-casket of silver to Miss Ellen Terry, who opened the college last October.

Two men and sixteen ponies have been suffocated in the Fife Coal Company's pit at Lumphinnans, Dunfermline, by fumes from a fire which broke out in the mine.

To the memory of Clement Scott, erected by his wife, a beautiful altar has just been added to the church belonging to the Little Sisters of the Poor, at Nazareth House, Hammersmith.

Among the business to be done at the annual meeting of the National Liberal Club, to be held on May 8, will be the confirmation of the election of Mr. John Burns as an honorary member.

The 5 per cent. advance in wages conceded this week to the Lancashire cotton workers represents an annual sum of £300,000, and it is estimated that since 1900 the increase in wages in the spinning trade will amount to £200,000 per annum.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

**ADELPHI.**—Manager, Otho Stuart.—TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 8.30, Shakespeare's Comedy, MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Oscar Asche; Lily Bratton, Mat. Every Sat. at 8.30, **MISS ELLEN TERRY** (by kind permission of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker) will play the small part of Fanny in the "Measure for Measure" at the Adelphi at the **MATINEE TO-DAY.** **MATINEE TO-DAY.** being the 60th anniversary of her first appearance on the stage. Box-office (Mr. Terry). Tel., 2645 Gerrard.

**ALDWYCH THEATRE, Strand.** Lessee and Manager, CHES FRIGMAN. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8, **MATINEE EVERY SAT.**, at 2, CHARLES FROTHMAN presents ELLALINE TERRISS and SEYMOUR HICKS in **THE BEAUTY OF BATH.** by Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton. Lyrics by Chas. H. Taylor. Music by Herbert B. Jones. Tel. 3216 Gerrard.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** Mr. TREE. ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK. TO-DAY, at 2, **HAMLET.** TO-NIGHT, at 8, **JULIUS CÆSAR.**

The run of NERO will be resumed on MONDAY NEXT, April 30. **MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 2, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.**

**IMPERIAL.** LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, **BRIGADIER GERRARD.** by A. Costa Doyle. **MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.**

**ST. JAMES'S.** **GEORGE ALEXANDER,** at 2 and 8.15, in **A NEW COMEDY.** HIS HOUSE IN ORDER, by A. W. Pinero. **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.**

**TERRY'S THEATRE.** JAMES WELCH. TO-DAY, 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.50, **THE NEW CLOVE.** at 8.10, **A LADY BURGLAR.** **MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.**

**WALDORF THEATRE.** Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. Lessee, the Messrs. Shubert. TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, **"THE SECOND IN COMMAND,"** by Robert Marshall. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. Mr. Ellis Norwood, Mr. A. Vane Tempest, Mr. G. M. Graham; Miss Sybil Cusie, Miss Ada Ferrar, Miss M. Titherage. **MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.30.** Box-office, 10 to 15. Tel., 3535 Ger.

**COLISEUM.** Charing Cross. **COLISEUM.** **THRILLER DAILY** at 6, 8, and 9 p.m. **THE "COLISEUM REVUE,"** an em- phatic success, vide Press. Mr. TOM E. MURRAY, COMPREHENSIVE MISS BILLIE BUCKLE, "COMEDY," GEORGE LASHWOOD, THE DANDIES, and Over 300 Articles on the Stage. Prices for 5 and 9 p.m., 6d. to 7s. 6d. Boxes 1 to 2 guineas. at 8 p.m. Mrs. ALICE ESTY and C. C. HEDMOND in **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA,** assisted by over 150 voices. Mr. CHARLES WARNER and CO. in **DRINK** etc. Prices for 6 p.m., 6d. to 3s. Boxes from 15s. to 2 guineas.

**LONDON HIPPODROME.** At 8 at Piccadilly-Circus Station, Baker-Loo Railway. **"THE TWICE DAILY,"** at 2 and 8 p.m. **"THE FLOOD,"** **"DRONZA,"** **"GINQUEVALLI,"** **"MACKNOW,"** **"THE RUSSIAN GIANT,"** **"LESLIE,"** **"MURPHY and HILL,"** **"OGUST,"** **"LAVATER LEE,"** **"ALEX. ANDRE and RUGGERS,"** **"THE LABAKANS,"** **"VILLARD BROS.,"** **"SUTCLIFFE FAMILY,"** **"FROELI,"** and **"RUGGERS,"** **"LYDIA and ALBINO,"** **"ROHDA BROS.,"** **"DEASY'S CATS,"** **"HIOCOPI,"** etc.

### AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—TO-DAY.—International Health, Food, and Hygiene Exhibition. The Pygmies from Central Africa. Rutland Barrington Recital, assisted by Miss Robertson Grimston, at 2.30 and 8.0. Aero Club Balloon Ascent, 2.30. Shakespearean Drama, "You Like It," 8 p.m. Athletic Sports, Military Band, Organ Recital, etc. Saturday next—Cycling's Second Annual Race Meeting.

**HENGLER'S,** Oxford-circus Stations, W.—DAILY, 3 and 8. NEW REFINED FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT. FULL HOLIDAY PROGRAMME. Prices, 6d. to 5s.; Children Half-price. Box-office 10 to 10.

**MASKELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES,** at St. George's Hall, Langham-place (Oxford-street Tube Station). DAILY, at 3 and 8. Our newest Marvels, The Homing Bells, The Problem of Diogenes, The New Page, etc. Seats 1s. to 5s. Phone, 1545 Mayfair.

TO-NIGHT AT OLYMPIA **HACKENSCHMIDT v. MADRALI,** for the Catch-as-Catch-can CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD. The Best of Three Falls. No Time Limit. Referee and Stakeholders, "The Sportsman." The men take the mat for the Big Contest at 9 p.m. Preliminary Entertainment from 7 p.m. Doors Open at 4 p.m. Unreserved Seats and Promenade, 5s. Reserved Seats, 10s., 5s., and 2s., at usual libraries or Olympia Box-office (10 a.m. to 9 p.m.). Telephone 721 Kensington. A FREQUENT SERVICE OF TRAINS BETWEEN EARLY COURT and ADDISON-ROAD STATIONS.

**OUR NAVY and OUR ARMY.** POLYTECHNIC, Regent-street. Daily, at 5. The Royal Indian Tour, Winter Sports, etc. Seats, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s. Children half-price.

**"SWEATED INDUSTRIES" EXHIBITION,** QUEEN'S HALL, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, May 2 to 29; 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission 1s. Actual processes demonstrated by workers themselves.

### PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

**A.A.A.A.**—An easy way of making money; large profits without risk or worry; less of capital impossible; explanatory pamphlet free.—Ed. C. Lovegrove and Co., 13, Sisle-lane, London, E.C.

**A.A.A.A.**—How to Make Money with a Small Capital.—For particulars apply to—Ed. C. Lovegrove and Co., 13, Sisle-lane, London, E.C.

**MONEY** Lent on note of hand, £3 to £1000, privately, at one day's notice; easy instalments; no preliminary fees; forms free.—Apply Mr. Johnson, 119, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.

**MONEY.**—To small Shopkeepers; would £5 note be of service to you for business or otherwise? If so, write at once, reply 6 instalments; no other charge, interest or expense.—T. B. Romelandier, St. Albans.

£5 to £1000 lent without delay, on note of hand alone, at all reasonable persons; easy instalments; no fees charged.—Call or write, A. Adams, 10, South-side, Clapham Common, S.W.

### BUSINESSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

**THOSE** commencing or established as tobacconist, stationer, 6d. bazaar, fruit goods dealer, or confectioner; complete trade guide, 4d.—Preston Brothers, 12 Dept., 129, 130, Houndsditch, London.



NOTICE TO READERS.

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# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1906.

## NO MORE DEADHEADS!

ON Monday we shall know what taxes we have got to pay during the next twelve months. Judging from the debate in the House of Commons on Lord Crewe's salary, the wisest frame of mind in which to await Mr. Asquith's Budget is that described in the words, "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

The more one studies the Government excuses for reviving the salary of the Lord President of the Council, the feebler do they appear. To anyone who considers the facts impartially it must be clear that there is no reason whatever for paying Lord Crewe £2,000 a year.

The Government spokesman began by talking about the "departmental duties" which Lord Crewe had to perform. He very soon had to admit that these duties were "very small"; and, as he could not say what they were, it is fair to assume that they do not exist.

Then Mr. McKenna, once a denouncer, now a defender of abuses, changed his ground. Lord Crewe, he said, was not being paid for doing departmental work at all, but for being a Cabinet Minister. He had "great functions of Government to discharge."

This is all very vague; skilful-skamble stuff that can deceive no one who knows anything about Cabinets. The simple truth of the matter is that Lord Crewe comes of a "great Liberal family" and was provided for in the distribution of the spoils of victory as a matter of course.

If Lord Crewe were not a peer, he would never have been heard of except as a minor poet. If he were not a rich man, no Government would have dreamed of offering him £2,000 a year. It is because he is rich that he is paid this large salary, upon the principle "To him that hath shall be given."

The rest of the saying applies to the taxpayer. "From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." In other words, income-tax at a shilling in the pound.

There might be some reason for inviting a really poor and really brilliant man to join the Cabinet at a salary of £2,000 a year. There can be no excuse for such a payment to a man of moderate ability who owns 26,000 acres of land, minerals in two counties, one town and three country houses, a library of 32,000 volumes, and a large number of valuable pictures, all inherited from his father before him.

And mark! the consequences of this squandering of our money—yours and mine—does not end there. Lord Crewe has a secretary whom we pay also. What for? "To help him in every detail of his work," says Mr. McKenna. How rapidly the bold Radical picks up the glib phrases of Officialism!

It reminds one of the story of the two little boys, who were asked what they had been doing. Jack said he had been doing nothing. Tommy said he had been helping Jack!

So much for Liberal economy. They talked much about reducing the exorbitant expense of the public services. The net result of their coming into office is that they have actually increased that expense by £2,300 a year.

The whole system of appointing titled people to highly-paid situations under Government, just because they are titled, is as bad as the fashion which prevailed a few years ago of paying peers to act as dummy directors of companies.

That fashion has passed away. Boards of directors are now composed of business men. Those are the men we want in Cabinets also. The day of deadheads is over. The Ministers who rule us must be very much alive.

H. H. F.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Would the Atheist continue such, let him be aware how he admits Love into his breast; for God will surely come along with him.—*Dr. Richard Garnett* in "De Flagello Mytco."

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

A VERY popular officer is Major the Earl of Longford, who has just been appointed second in command of the 2nd Life Guards. He has served in the regiment now for nearly twenty years, and became a lieutenant in it so long ago as 1888. It may be remembered that he was pretty seriously wounded in South Africa, where he fought with the Imperial Yeomanry during the Boer war. A bullet struck him in the neck, and had the wound been an inch higher it would certainly have been fatal. As it was he survived this danger only to fall into a greater one when he returned home.

It is by a curious irony that a man may go through innumerable battles, and other perils on land and sea, and may fall a victim to some trivial mishap when he thinks he is "out of the wood" and safe again. Thus you may escape out of a war or a shipwreck only to be knocked to pieces by the first motor-omnibus you see in London. This irony was neatly displayed in Lord Longford's case. One day after the war he attended a machine-gun practice in Ireland. The shooting was evidently indifferent, because one bullet tore off his shoulder-strap and killed the trooper standing by him.

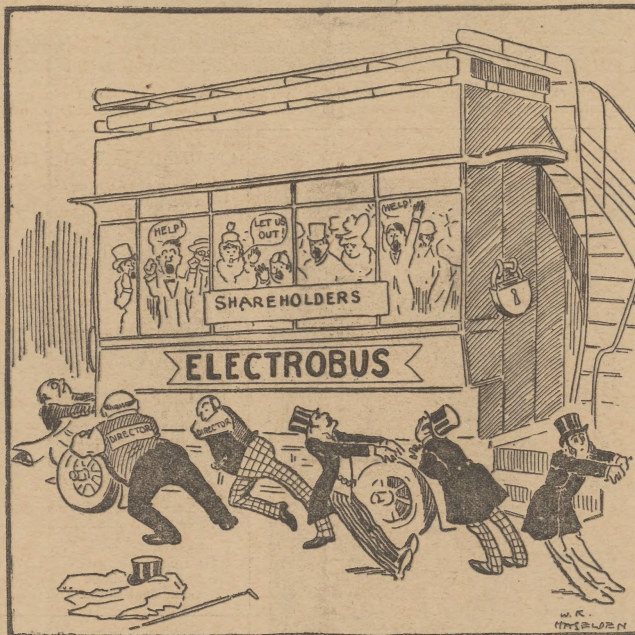
With the officers and men out in South Africa Lord Longford's popularity might have been at

the ground that he continued to call himself colonel when he had no longer any right to the title. You know how important titles are in Germany, even when there is no reality of power behind them.

It is understood there as a point in good manners that you must always address a man by the title just above the grade he really occupies—lieutenants you will be wise to call captains, and captains colonels. That is why Colonel Gaedke clung to his name, since, I suppose, it ensured his being styled general, if not commander-in-chief. He was threatened with degradation into mere Herr Gaedke, simply on account of an article he had contributed to a Berlin paper concerning the murders of the King and Queen of Serbia.

He suggested in this article that the interests of a man's country might conceivably come before the interests of his King. In Germany, where the Kaiser at least imagines that the Louis XIV. doctrine of the identity of monarch and State is still admitted, this was a statement offensively heretical, so, with the Emperor's consent, the colonel became Herr Gaedke, and has ever since that day kept up a continual agitation to get his case thrashed out in open law courts. All this time, of course, he has continued to call himself colonel and to walk about in his uniform as though nothing whatever had happened. It remains to be seen

## WILL THE ELECTROBUS GO?



Some stockholders in the Electrobus Company are already repenting of their bargain, and want to get out. They have taken alarm at the thought that it may not be a "go."

tributed partly to his fascinating negligence in the matter of dress, for this was evidence of an appreciable lack of formality and humbug. He used to be a good deal chafed about his strangely composite costumes. One day a friend pointed out that his boots did not go properly with his breeches. "How can you expect them to," he said. "The breeches were made by a Fenian tailor, and the boots by an Orangeman cobbler."

On another day Lord Longford announced to one of the officers that he intended to spend the morning dressing picket-ropes. "My dear fellow," said the other, in a rather obvious retort, "let us hope that you will dress them better than you do yourself." Yet he sympathised, in a jocular way, too, with the men when they suffered from raggedness, as they frequently did after days of hard marching and fighting. He amused them hugely one day, as they stood for review before him, by saying reflectively: "Well, boys, you write your cheques, I'll endorse them; then you can get new rig-outs all round."

A military trial always excites immense interest in Germany, and one must admit that the interest is pretty often satisfied, owing to the indiscreet books indicting German officers which seem to be the favourite reading of a large section of the public there. Now people in Berlin have had the amusement of Colonel Gaedke's trial and acquittal. His case is a peculiar one. He was prosecuted on

whether his recent acquittal will be accepted by the Supreme Court at Leipzig.

Mr. Justice Bargarue Deane has certainly created a legal sensation by his demand for a careful definition of "cruelty" in cases of divorce. Peculiarly pleasant to many husbands, one imagines, must be the doctrine that a single blow maketh not cruelty. Sir Bargarue Deane believes evidently in concentrated action, as becomes an athlete who became famous at Oxford for almost every kind of sport, and only just missed rowing in the "Varsity" boat. His weight, not his lack of skill, finally caused his exclusion.

If one had to sum up Sir Bargarue's skill as a lawyer one might do so by applying the word determination to it. The persistence and courage he showed in his days at the Bar are, I think, capably illustrated by the story of a case in which he appeared against the South-Eastern Railway for the widow of a man who had been killed on a level crossing. First of all the case came on before Mr. Justice Baggallay, and Sir Bargarue then secured £700 damages for his client. An appeal was made, but the verdict was confirmed, though only £800 was awarded. After the Court of Appeal the railway company, which refused to give in, brought the affair to the House of Lords, but just before the third hearing their hopes seem to have given way, and they agreed to pay compensation to the widow.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### ELECTRIC LIGHTING AND FIRES.

As your correspondent "J.O.S." remarks, the "fusing of electric wires" is practically impossible under the rules and regulations imposed on electrical engineers by the supply companies. The rule now is that circuit fuses for lights must not exceed five amperes, and very few exceed three amperes in general practice.

Only seventy-three fires were caused by electricity in 1905 in the metropolitan area, as against 407 by gas, yet I have not seen many paragraphs proclaiming the fact that "the fire was due to gas lights being used."

The cases where fires are due to defective electric circuits are almost invariably those in which the users are very rough in handling their fittings, or where they have had extensive alterations and additions carried out cheaply by some incompetent tradesman who combines several domestic businesses, the fuses being banked up to take the extra load, instead of extra circuit wires installed, and the fact not being made known to the supply company, as is required by them.

A responsible electrical engineer always properly fills up the prescribed form and duly informs the supply authority when he makes alterations or additions. FAIRPLAY.  
Blackburn.

### "THE VICE OF CHARITY."

H. H. F. supposes a saving of expenditure under public management. If a London ratepayer can smile at this time of the year such a statement may amuse him.

But the fact is that public hospitals exist at present as infirmaries, asylums, and what not. Why do the poor prefer the subscription and foundation hospitals? Partly, no doubt, because the medical schools attract the highest medical, surgical, and nursing ability.

And still more because there is no pauper taint, no parade of charity—merely a gift from the richer to the poorer citizens, which the former can offer with propriety and the latter accept without humiliation. HOSPITAL VISITOR.  
Surrey-street, Strand.

### THE DUST FIEND.

Our roads are laid with good material, but all soaked to rottenness with water. Then road scraping and mud are rolled in to bind it together, thereby causing the mischief.

The new macadam prevents all this, as it is laid with a strong bituminous composition and consolidated with a heavy steam-roller. The recent work of this kind, done for H.M. Government, has proved very satisfactory, and was highly approved by the Government Inspector.

It would be well for County Councils to give it a trial on the new tramway roads, where it would prove a great boon to the travelling public. NEW BARNET. THOMAS E. GOVVS.

### WEEK-ENDS.

#### No. 9.—The Country of Kingsley.

A charming excursion amongst pretty Hampshire villages may be made by taking the train from Waterloo either to Winchester or to Wokingham, and from one of those places starting out to walk over the beautiful heathery spaces, where the wind smells sweeter than in any other kind of country, towards the little village of Eversley, where Charles Kingsley lived for years as rector, and where the pulpit still stands just as it was when he preached his "village sermons" from it.

Winchfield is about seven miles from Eversley, but if that walk is too long you can easily get a trap and drive over the commons. At Eversley there is a village inn, and at Odiham, two miles from Winchfield, the ancient George Hotel, which ought to be as comfortable as it looks.

A singularly restful part of England, this windy country of Kingsley's. In front of the Rectory are the waving trees he loved to watch—great Scotch firs, with red trunks, overshadowing his grave in the churchyard.

Whether he walked or rode, or in hunting time followed the hounds over the gorse and heather, he might well have found a source of tranquil thoughts in the very air of these places. And on a tired Londoner, too, the same tranquillity descends to-day from the ever-stirring branches of his favourite trees.

### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 27.—Snapdragons, old-fashioned flowers and charming, are growing more popular every year. They should never be planted. They look pretty in almost any situation—growing in wall masses on a sunny bank, grouped together in beds, springing from between the stones of an old wall or a large rockery.

The new kinds are very beautiful, and when it is remembered that snapdragons can be obtained in many shades of white, yellow, pink, and crimson (the colour of the leaves will tell you whether the flowers will be of a light or dark hue) it will be seen that they are plants for everybody.

Wallflowers open fresh blossoms every day. The popularity of other flowers may wane, but the wallflower, because of its sweet scent, holds its own. E. F. T.

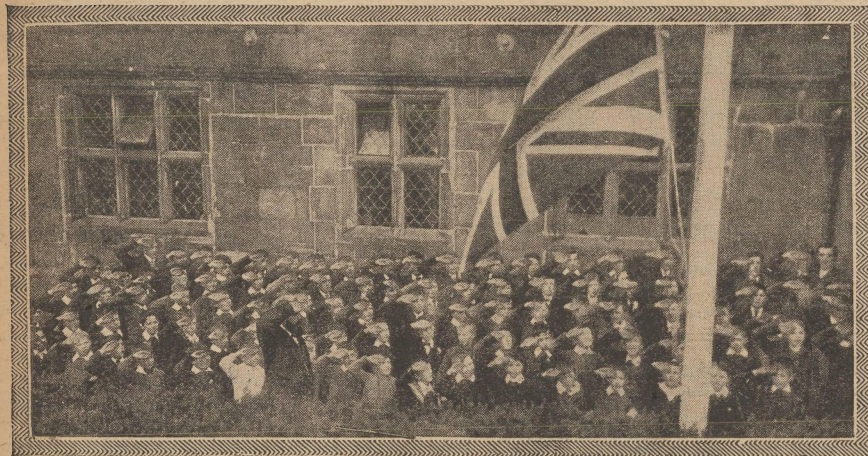




# THE DAYS NEWS RECORDED BY CAMERA



THE CHILDREN SALUTING THE UNION JACK AT CUCKFIELD NATIONAL SCHOOL.



The schoolmaster of the Cuckfield (Sussex) National School, whilst travelling in America, was struck by the fact that American children saluted their flag. He explained this to

the villagers at Cuckfield, who presented him with a flagstaff and every British flag. The photographs show, on the left the boys, on the right the girls, saluting the Union Jack.

## PRINCESS ENA'S TROUSSEAU.



Some of the gowns for Princess Ena's trousseau, made by Mme. Lambert, Hanover-square. (1) An evening dress trimmed with Valenciennes and Irish guipure lace. (2) Pink crêpe de Chine tea gown with Valenciennes lace. (3) Evening dress of gaze de soie. (4) Tea gown with frills of Valenciennes lace. (5) Irish lace over-mantle for afternoon gown. (6) A morning gown with lace tucks. Inset is a photograph of King Alfonso and Princess Ena.

## 4,000 TON CARGO STEAMER LAGANO BURNT OFF HASTINGS.



The terrible spectacle of a great steamer, the Lagano, on fire was witnessed from Hastings. She was tugged in to within a mile of Hastings, and was then abandoned as hopeless. The lifeboat put off, but was powerless to help. She was homeward bound from Baltimore with a cargo of cotton, glass, and hardware.

## EXTRAORDINARY VAN ACCIDENT AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



Whilst driving down a steep incline at Tunbridge Wells the driver of an Army and Navy pantechnicon lost control over the horse. The horse and van dashed through some railings, and fell through the glass roof of an area. The horse had to be shot and the van will have to be removed by a crane.—(Lankester.)



# MISS ELLEN TERRY IN FAMOUS RÔLES



Miss Ellen Terry in 1863.



Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII."



Portia in "The Merchant of Venice."



Olivia with Sir Henry Irving.



Miss Ellen Terry in private life in her garden.



Masters Peter, Robert, and Philip Craig (grandchildren).  
(Photographs by King, Window and Grove, Foulsham and Banfield, and Edis.)



As Helen in "The Hunchback."



As Guinevere in "King Arthur."



As Queen Henrietta Maria in "Charles I."



Miss Rosemary Craig (grandchild).



You Can Begin This Story To-day.

# MAN-THIEF COWARD

By GERALD BISS.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ANDREW HOUSTON, a middle-aged widower, living at the Manor House, at the village of Hockmorton; a soap manufacturer, with a hobby for genealogy;  
 ENID HOUSTON, his daughter, a charming girl of twenty.  
 SIMON DOWLER, a disreputable old farmer.  
 JAKE DOWLER, his grandson, a finely-built, handsome boy of seventeen.  
 FARMER PENIALL, a successful farmer, of Hockmorton.  
 SUSAN PENIALL, his beautiful daughter; in love with Jake Dowler.

"Tell Miss Houston that I wish to speak to her," said Andrew Houston to the footman who answered the library bell.  
 He was seated in a large, high-backed armchair near the fireplace, smoking a cigar, and thinking how best to put the important proposition in his mind to his daughter. He was aroused from his train of thought by the girl's voice behind him.

"You sent for me, father?" she asked.  
 "Yes," said Mr. Houston, starting nervously; "yes, I want to speak to you. You are twenty?" he asked abruptly.  
 Enid nodded, puzzled.  
 "Well, then," said Mr. Houston, "it is high time, in my opinion, that you were thinking of getting married."

Enid looked up in astonishment. Hitherto the subject had scarcely been mentioned between them, and now it came as a complete surprise to her to think that he was anxious about it.  
 "I have found the right man," said Mr. Houston decisively, "and it only remains for you to fall in with my wishes. At first things may not appear clear to you, but you may rest assured that I have chosen for the best. As you are a sensible girl, all my proposal is mine to leave as I like. If you fall in with my wishes and show trust in me—well, it will all, every halpenny, go to you, your husband and the children, and I shall be, I think, as happy as I can be. If you marry against my wishes—well—"

Enid's whole heart rebelled against the idea of being made to marry a man; but she recalled the facility of opposing her father's restless will, and knew that she must do his bidding.

Simon Dowler and his grandson, Jake, stood in the library of the Manor, awaiting the entrance of Mr. Houston.

His grandson looked a fine, handsome boy, even in his rough country clothes.

Mr. Houston entered the room with his daughter.

"That's the boy, Enid," said her father in a low voice, imperative, but not unkind, turning to the girl.

"He's a clean, decent sort of boy, and you may be sure I have my reasons for desiring such a match."

Enid started back instinctively, hardly able to believe her ears. It was a common saying, a village lout, to whom her father wished to marry her, and she could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise and disgust.

"Well!" said Mr. Houston, sharply.

"He's only a village boy, she said incredulously, unable to take the position seriously."

"He's in the rough, I admit; but there's plenty of good material there," he said encouragingly.

"But, father, you said in a strange whisper, "why do you wish it? What a come-down in the world!"

A strange smile crossed Mr. Houston's face.

"You will not be marrying beneath your rank, my dear girl, I can assure you," he answered cryptically.

"I will explain things more fully later on. Now, are you ready to fall in with my wishes? You know the alternative."

"I—I will try," she answered, in a strange voice she did not recognise, and, turning abruptly, she all but ran from the room.

Mr. Houston turned to Jake.

"How would you like to be a gentleman, Jake, and have plenty of money, travel all over the world, and go to college?"

Jake seemed momentarily stunned at the suggestion.

"Listen," said Mr. Houston to Simon Dowler. "This is my offer in a nutshell. I offer to take over all responsibility in the case of your grandson, to educate him and make a gentleman of him; and if you, on your side, consent to relinquish all your rights in him, whatever they may be, and never to interfere, I will allow you £2 a week and a cottage for the rest of your life. Only two conditions I make—the one, that he marries my daughter, whom you have just seen; and the other, that you do not mention a word about it to a living soul."

## CHAPTER V.

### The Amazing Marriage.

Enid Houston woke on the morning of the wedding with a start which denoted strained nerves and troubled sleep. She had lain awake most of the night, tossing from side to side, unable either to sleep or to concentrate her mind. The one thought which had predominated was that she was to be married in the morning at her father's command to an illiterate ploughboy from the village green, whom she did not know and did not wish to know. There was deep-seated revolt in her heart, but she quelled even when alone before the relentless force she had to face. During the few days which had intervened several times she had worked herself up to the point and had sought her father out to announce to him her refusal, final and definite, but in his presence, although she did not lack pluck, the words had frozen on her lips before his sharp, anticipatory glance and his reiterated arguments, soft words with a suggestion of steel behind them.

Mr. Houston had even gone so far as to tell her that he had a secret reason for desiring a match which upon the face of it seemed so strange; but more than that he had refused to say for the present, and Enid had to be content with his assurance. But ever since she had been worrying and puzzling herself as to what could be the nature of this secret he had hinted at. But no amount of thinking had brought her any nearer to a definite conclusion or suggested a solution which satisfied her; and as the day fixed for the wedding drew nearer and nearer, she began to feel more and more hopeless.

Her eyeballs were hot and burning as she came to a sudden consciousness of her surroundings, and she jumped out of bed almost automatically.

Under her eyes were deep, dark circles of sleeplessness, and her face was so pale that she looked like a ghost with her white robe and abundance of fair hair. There was no light of joyous anticipation in her heavy eyes or eagerness in her action which denoted a willing bride; rather a half-unconscious listlessness startled into life.

The morning sun was streaming in at the open windows with all the juvenility of an early summer morning, and she pulled the curtains back with an almost impatient movement.

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on," she murmured to herself, with a sarcastic little curl of her lip, as she leant her elbows on the sill and drew in a deep, refreshing draught of the morning air; and she fell into a deep reverie, looking across the familiar park with eyes that did not take in what they saw.

What was the day going to bring forth, she asked herself as she began for the thousandth time to go over the situation. Here she was in the full possession of her faculties, in the heyday of her youth and her beauty, compelled by the sheer force of a superior will to marry a man—not even a man, but a mere boy—whom she had practically never seen and had never spoken to, beneath her in social standing, and to all intents and purposes illiterate, and with an unconscious gesture she clenched her hands. The spirit of revolt within her sprang up with renewed vigour, and she set her teeth with determination. She would not marry Jake Dowler, she would marry a man.

A knock on the door interrupted her reverie. She drew a deep breath. It must be her maid with her tea. She had been told to call her at six o'clock.

"Come in," she called out in a voice which sounded strange even to herself; and to her surprise her father entered fully dressed.

"Up already?" he said in his cheery voice. "It's just on six o'clock, and I came to call you. How do you feel this morning?"

He bent down and kissed her with more genuine affection than he had ever shown before, and her newly-found courage began to ooze out at her finger-tips. Her resolve instinctively weakened in his presence, and the words in her mind refused to be spoken.

"I have scarcely slept," she said slowly, putting on her dressing-gown.

"The excitement," said her father quickly. "It is only natural on the eve of such an important day. But you must not worry, my dear, and make yourself pale. You must have every confidence in me, and one day, I can promise you, you will be very grateful to me. Isn't it a grand morning?" he concluded, walking over to the window and changing the subject abruptly.

Enid ignored his question, and braced herself up for a final effort. There then was a pause for a full minute, and it seemed to her that she would never get command of her voice.

"Father," she said at last in a low, pleading voice—"Father, you must let me off. I'm not able to marry Jake Dowler; I can't do it."

Mr. Houston turned sharply on his heel and looked at her grimly with all the kindness suddenly hardened out of his face.

"It is too late now," he said in a voice which cut like a whip, "too late now. I am not in the habit of being made a fool of, and I won't be now. Kindly understand that." Then his tone changed again as quickly as he dismissed the girl by laying a kind hand on her shoulder. "My poor child, you are hysterical and overwrought. You must pull yourself together and be brave."

She struggled for a moment with her conflicting feelings, only to compromise and lose.

"Tell me, tell me at least," she said clutching at a straw, "what the secret is which makes you so determined against my marriage?"

Mr. Houston shook his head.

"All in good time, my dear," he answered briskly, feeling that the battle was won. "You may rest assured that it is a sufficient one, but at present I can say no more. Ah, here is your tea," he continued, opening the door to the maid. "Now dress yourself and come down to the library. Breakfast in an hour's time."

Mr. Houston slipped out of the room, glad to bring to a finish an unpleasant scene; and he went downstairs rubbing his hands with satisfaction. He had won.

As the door closed behind him Enid threw herself on the bed, and to the consternation of her maid burst into convulsive sobs which shook her whole body.

She, on her side, realised that she was beaten. Old Simon was cleaner than he had been for many a long day. He was wearing a new white smock and a new felt hat; and he had paid more attention to his ablutions for once than he had done for many years. Moreover, acting under strict orders, he had been almost a teetotaler for nearly a month, and his mottled complexion was temporarily in better order. In fact, for once he looked truly patriarchal, as with slow steps and bent back he hobbled up the village green in the early morning sun, supported by a stick in his gnarled hand.

It was the great day of his life. First he was to see Jake married to a real lady, and then he was to go to the new cottage on Ditchington Green, which Mr. Houston had provided for him, thinking it safer that he should be some distance removed from his cronies lest they should stir up mischief should run away with him in a beery moment. But Simon was more cunning than the squire had given him credit for being; and Hockmorton, despite its ill-disguised curiosity, knew nothing more than that Mr. Houston was going to give Jake a start in life, and had, as a preliminary step, pensioned off old Dowler. That worthy, full of bright vision of the future, was mattering to himself as he walked, chinking thirstily the two gold pieces in his trouser-pocket, the first fruits of fat years to come.

He turned into the churchyard through the old lychgate with an appreciative chuckle, and then became stricken with a sudden nervousness at the thought of how long it was since he had been to church. What would "somebody" say to him, he wondered; and, despite boasts at the Ram's Head, he had a hereditary fear of the powers of the incumbent with bell, book, and candle over his ultimate destiny.

Inside the old Norman church he was relieved to find Jake already waiting with Dr. Herries. For the last fortnight the boy had been up in London as the guest of the antiquarian, and already he looked a very different being from the plough boy of a month before in his new serge suit and straw hat. His hair had been carefully cut, and the down on his chin and cheeks had been removed;

(Continued on page 11.)

# Mrs. K. Baker is Better

Catford Communication contains Valuable Information for our Readers

To-day we are permitted to publish the photograph of Mrs. K. Baker, of 147, Braidwood-road, Catford, London, S.E., and we are glad to publish with this portrait a most interesting letter from the lady herself.

Any of our readers who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with indigestion, and those distressing and annoying ailments which it causes, such as nausea, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, flatulence, loss of appetite, pain after eating, nervousness, will find in Mrs. Baker's letter truths of more than ordinary importance to them.

It appears that Mrs. Baker has not only been completely cured of indigestion, but that her general health is better, and that she is stronger than she had been for a long time past. Feeling that she owes her complete cure, her speedy return to health and strength, and her increased vigour to Iron-Ox Tablets, she has written a brief statement of her case in order that all of her sister women who may be suffering from the ailments which afflicted her so long may know of the wonderful benefits which she derived from Iron-Ox Tablets.

Writing from her home, she says:—

"I am pleased to tell you that your Iron-Ox Tablets have done me a great deal of good. I have been much better and stronger this winter than I have been for several years. I managed the extra work, etc., at Christmas time without being worn out, and, in fact, I am so much stronger that I feel a different woman in every way. Your Iron-Ox Tablets have removed the indigestion from which I have suffered for years. I intend to keep a box by me, and will take the Tablets from time to time as a preventive of Indigestion."

"I will not fail to recommend them to my friends." (Signed)  
 (Mrs.) K. BAKER.

Note what Mrs. Baker says: "I have been much better and stronger this winter than I have been for several years. I am so much stronger that I feel a different woman in every way. You see, not only did Iron-Ox Tablets strengthen and correct Mrs. Baker's digestion, thus removing the cause of her suffering, but they did far more, they strengthened her whole system. It is owing to the great strength-giving action of this wonderful tonic laxative that she is able to complete the arduous duties which every housewife at Christmas time, without fatigue."

A dainty Aluminium Pocket Packet of 50 Tonic Tablets for 1s. Our 4s. size contains 250 tablets; it is more economical because it gives you five times as many tablets as you get for 1s. If your chemist has not got them they will be sent post free on receipt of price by the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Ltd., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

The truth is that in Mrs. Baker's case, as in thousands of others, Iron-Ox Tablets went straight to the heart of the trouble. They give the digestive organs strength to do their duty. They stimulate the flow of the gastric juices; they help Nature to remove all impurities from the system. They cleanse the blood, and fill it with the red corpuscles that make you strong, and energetic and vigorous. They gently regulate Nature, assisting her, but do not force or strain. That is why Mrs. Baker is well to-day. That is why she is able to write the grateful letter which you have just read.

Now, if we were to publish letters and photographs of all of those people who, like Mrs. Baker, owe their present good health, their vigorous strength, their freedom from digestive troubles to Iron-Ox Tablets, we would fill every page of this paper, and then we should be giving the statements of only a small portion of those who have been cured by Iron-Ox Tablets.

Surely you must see the importance of the facts which are set before you here. Surely you realise that the remedy which has done and is doing so much for others can help you too. If you were to inquire amongst your friends and neighbours it is almost certain that you would find one, perhaps several, who would tell you verbally what we tell you here. Not from one class, but from all classes; not from one section, but from every section of the kingdom comes the word that Iron-Ox Tablets are curing indigestion, banishing constipation, driving away anaemia, removing nervousness and sleeplessness, bringing good appetite, rosy cheeks, health and strength to thousands.

Probably your own family Doctor uses Iron-Ox Tablets in his regular daily practice. Hundreds of doctors throughout the kingdom know this remedy, know what it contains, and warmly recommend it, and use it, not only amongst their patients, but in their own families.

Because the experience of Mrs. Baker, and of thousands of other people, has shown the path to health, we urge you to delay no longer, to trifle no more with the indigestion, pain, nausea, constipation that are harassing and worrying you. Why not let the remedy which has cured others help you? Why not begin to take Iron-Ox Tablets to-day?

Because the experience of Mrs. Baker, and of thousands of other people, has shown the path to health, we urge you to delay no longer, to trifle no more with the indigestion, pain, nausea, constipation that are harassing and worrying you. Why not let the remedy which has cured others help you? Why not begin to take Iron-Ox Tablets to-day?

Because the experience of Mrs. Baker, and of thousands of other people, has shown the path to health, we urge you to delay no longer, to trifle no more with the indigestion, pain, nausea, constipation that are harassing and worrying you. Why not let the remedy which has cured others help you? Why not begin to take Iron-Ox Tablets to-day?



MRS. K. BAKER.



## THE MONEY MARKET.

Better Feeling on Stock Exchange  
Now Russian Loan Is Assured.

### BUDGET ANTICIPATIONS.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—There is a good tendency to report in connection with the Stock Exchange to-day, except in one or two sections. The improvement was only what might reasonably have been looked for, seeing how thoroughly the money situation has changed for the better. Now that the Russian Loan success is assured Paris is releasing funds largely, and a good deal of French money is already being invested in London, while it is highly satisfactory to us that Paris shows great readiness to supply New York with gold.

Indeed, it now looks as though the Bank of England may secure a fair amount of gold next week. The bankers in London are even heard saying that they hope conditions will not get very much easier. They have been highly satisfied lately with the rates at which they have been able to transact business, and they seem to fear money rates running away.

**INSURANCE COMPANIES SELL HOME RAILS.**  
So that altogether the Stock Exchange is in a more cheerful mood in the investment markets, in spite of the fact that insurance companies continue to sell in connection with the San Francisco affair. A good deal of optimism seems to prevail about the Budget, and the expectation of liberal allowances for the Sinking Fund will help Consols. The last price of Consols is 90 9-16.

Unfortunately, the Home Railway market is held back by the insurance companies selling debenture and preference stocks, and so checking any enthusiasm for ordinary stocks, but the tone was better. The Texas tornado did not, perhaps, have much influence on American Rails, but that market was dull, in spite of the knowledge that a good deal of gold was going from Paris to New York, and the sales by insurance companies are the chief adverse factor.

### TURKISH BONDS UNCHANGED.

On the whole there seemed a better market for Foreign Rails, and there was certainly a better market for the Canadian Railway group. So far as Grand Trunks were concerned, it was due partly to the expectation of a good monthly statement on Monday. The Mexican Railway market seemed to be getting over its dislike of the recently-published half-yearly report, and it looked as though the Argentine Railway market was turning round. Other sections were very slack.

The new Russian loan continued in good favour, and is still called a premium. Undoubtedly the loan suffered from a boycott by the Jewish interests, and there was a good deal of speculative selling of it in advance, anticipating a fiasco. The success has caused these speculators to buy back, and so the premium kept very firm. In fact, it looks as though there was a tendency on the Continent to-day to change out of some of the older favourite stocks, like Spanish, and buy New Russians. Of course, the loan has been an enormous success on the Continent. The Turco-Egyptian difficulty did not seem to have any influence on Turkish bonds.

### FAILURE ON STOCK EXCHANGE.

There has been some further buying of nitrate shares, for one or two good dividends have been declared recently, including the Salars del Carmen to-day. Insurance companies and shares, which have been so flat recently in connection with San Francisco, were perhaps a little steadier to-day. But the chief feature is still the strenuous gamble in Anglo-American Telegraphs, the Deferred shares being once more a buoyant feature of the market.

There has been buying in some of the speculative American copper shares to-day, but taking the mining groups as a whole the tendency has been singularly uneventful. Kaffirs show next to no movement, business once more being slack, and in other directions the mining groups, if anything, have shown a tendency to droop to lower prices.

There was a failure on the London Stock Exchange to-day—that of Ponsford, Baker, and Co.

### JUDICIAL COLLARS SOON WEAR OUT.

Judge Howland Roberts, at Brentford County Court yesterday, said: "I suppose there does come a time—speaking from my own experience it comes rather uncomfortably—when one's collars do begin to lose the first bloom of youth and show signs of wear."

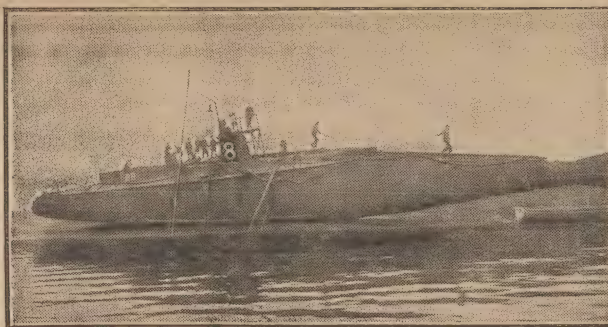
### POET'S GRANDSON PENNILESS.

James Glencairn Thomson, the only living grandson of Robert Burns, is in poverty, and efforts are being made in Scotland to raise a fund to provide him with a small allowance.

### THE FEMALE TEMPER.

Smiles, kind words and looks characterise the woman who uses HUDSON'S SOAP, and in her home peace and love have their dwelling. A penny packet will prove this.—(Adv.)

## SUBMARINE ON THE MUD NEAR PORTSMOUTH.



While making Macler Creek from Portsmouth Harbour, the submarine B8 ran aground on the mud. She was uninjured, and the crew were not in danger. She was floated later when the tide rose.—(Russell.)

### No. 68.—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION.



Amateur photographers are invited to send interesting news photographs to the "Daily Mirror." For each one used 10s. 6d. will be paid, and every week a £2 2s. prize will be awarded to the sender of the picture adjudged by the Editor to be the best. No. 68, sent by Mr. Cartor, Earlsdon, Graham-road, Worthing, shows a room, chairs, tables, etc., at North Bersted, near Bognor, papered with 5,000,000 stamps, which it has taken the owner forty-one years to collect.

## Man—The Coward.

(Continued from page 10.)

but he still stooped forward at the neck and shoulders, though he pulled himself up with a nervous jerk every time he remembered it. There was, also, a new worried look about his eyes, and he appeared awkward and out of place in his uncustomed clothes. Many as were the delights of his new status, Jake had to confess to himself that he found it rather a bore being a gentleman, and he longed at times to tear off his stiff collar and get back into his shirt sleeves. He was just beginning to realise the conventions, and they irked him considerably. But he had found Dr. Herries kind and considerate despite his austere face, and he had begun to regard him in the light of a friend.

Mr. Houston had arranged with the clergyman, to whom he had confided the circumstances of the marriage, that the old bell-ringer should be sent away on an unnecessary errand; and owing to the geographical situation of the church and the characteristically Godlessness of the light-hearted parishioners, there was little or no fear of interruption or discovery. The marriage was by licence, and Dr. Herries had arranged all the necessary preliminaries.

Simon pulled his forelock to the antiquarian and greeted Jake with a grunt, eyeing him curiously in his new clothes; but there was little time for any interchange of greetings, as Mr. Houston entered the church hand on his heels with Enid on his arm, and the clergyman was already installed in stole and surplice.

Dr. Herries hurriedly marshalled Jake to his place, fulfilling the functions of best man, and without delay the rector began reading the service in a low voice.

Enid Houston was dressed in a plain white walking-dress, which matched the pallor of her cheeks, and round her eyes were large black circles. In her white dress she looked like a woman walking in her sleep; and from time to time she leant heavily on her father's arm, as though her knees refused to do their duty. As she approached the altar she raised a pair of curious, frightened eyes and looked at Jake, who could not repress a desire to touch his forehead with his hand; and she was suddenly surprised at the change in him externally. Then she relapsed into lethargy as she took her place beside him.

By a great effort she summoned up courage to look

at Jake again, and she noticed almost against her will how much he had improved. He was unquestionably good-looking, with almost aristocratic features, marred only by a bucolic sheepishness of expression; but somehow he did not seem at home in his new clothes, which sat uneasily above the tell-tale slouch. But there was a frank, clean look about him which was pleasant, and he was very different from the time she had seen him before, with hobnailed boots and dirty nails. More than an impression her mind refused to take in, and then she relapsed into her previous lethargy, hardly conscious of what was going on around her.

Jake, on his side, was overawed and afraid to touch her, regarding her in his mind as someone belonging to another world apart from his; and it was only Dr. Herries's firm hand which steered him into position without awkwardness.

Then the service began.

At first Simon's attention was fixed on what was going on near him, but it soon began to wander, and his eyes to stray round the little Norman church, dimly lit through the stained-glass windows even in the bright morning sun. He looked at the old windows one by one and the numerous memorial tablets and brasses between them, wondering what they meant, and noticing things everywhere like the "pictor" in the library which had struck him so forcibly; and on each he noted the ever-recurring ram's heads, which carried his thoughts down the village green and made his mouth water.

Suddenly he found himself recalled to what was happening by an unexpected hitch in the decorum of the proceedings.

He heard Jake say "I will" in a nervous, mumbling voice, and then the clergyman turned to Enid, repeating the familiar formula.

It was followed by a pause—the silence which foreruns all unexpected events; and then the shrill voice of the girl rang hysterically through the old grey church.

"Oh, no, I won't! I can't."

It was a suppressed effort at the supreme moment, totally unexpected, and unguarded against.

In an instant the little group stood at attention, aghast; and Mr. Houston, with a grim look, caught his daughter in his arms as she swooned. Then came the quiet voice of the clergyman, nervously calm.

"We had better retire to the vestry," he said solemnly, closing his Prayer-book.

(To be continued.)

## THE LONDON JOURNAL.

Most people have heard of the LONDON JOURNAL, though it is not everyone who has seen it. The famous old periodical is just sixty-one years of age, and it has decided to celebrate the occasion by having a wash and brush-up, so to speak. At the end of the month—Saturday, April 28—it will appear as the NEW LONDON JOURNAL in a get-up that is altogether youthful. Its pages are decorated with illustrated headings in quite the approved modern fashion, and there is actually a Prize Competition, "with 101 Cash Prizes!" What would the early readers of the JOURNAL think of it all—those readers who, in the "forties," devoured "Monte Cristo" and the romances of Eugene Sue which appeared in its pages? There is happily one link with the old traditions, "Minnigrey," by J. F. Smith—perhaps the most popular of all serial stories—reappears. The opening chapters are given in No. 1 of the NEW JOURNAL. This story achieved an extraordinary popularity years ago. The late George Augustus Sala once declared that J. F. Smith had more readers even than Charles Dickens. Some interesting particulars of the life of this strange old Bohemian writer are given in the first number of the NEW LONDON JOURNAL. The JOURNAL is edited by Mr. HERBERT ALLINGHAM. Mr. Allingham is a Cambridge graduate, with a taste for popular fiction. He has contributed largely to the popular Press, and under his editorship the NEW LONDON JOURNAL should stand a good chance of renewing the triumphs of its youth.

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LANCET  
"Equally suitable to Invalids and Old People."  
MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

## HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression. If so, under the skin you have poison, which, if not extracted, will cause you suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated, the skin with the scales, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be hard, round, diseased lumps, the skin with the scales, deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and had medical advice, and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation; but do not for I can cure you. I don't think I will. Send at once to the Dispensary, 24, 26, to D. M. ALBERT, 73, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive a box of

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## MINNIGREY.

By J. F. SMITH.

## Chapter I.

Lady Blanche Howard, the orphan heiress of Dingley Manor, was seated alone in the old-fashioned drawing-room of the stately mansion which had been the principal seat of her family from the time when William the Conqueror bestowed it upon Ralph de Howard, one of his vassals or petty nobles, for valiant services rendered on the field of Hastings. At the period our tale commences, she was in the full pride of womanhood—just four-and-twenty—endowed by nature with wondrous beauty, warm feelings, and deep passions. To the poor and her dependants she was kind, but cold; her bounties were unaccompanied by those marks of sympathy which render them so acceptable to the heart. With her equals, she was reserved and proud; consequently, though all respected and spoke well of her, there were few—very few—who loved her.

By the death of her brother, the last Earl of Eserick, the title fell in abeyance, and the Lady Blanche, as the elder of his two surviving sisters, became possessed of his large estates. In the event of her decease without issue, it descended in strict entail to her married sister, the wife of Sir John de Grey, a baronet of ancient family, whose possessions adjoined Dingley Manor.

Lady Ellen de Grey was three years younger than the heiress, equally beautiful, perhaps, but fair, and far more genteel in her character.

When Sir John de Grey first became a visitor at Dingley, he was attracted by the charms of the elder sister. Suddenly, however, his attentions changed. Eventually the gentle Ellen won his heart; he proposed to her guardians, and, as the match was unexceptionable, both in point of family and fortune, it was at once accepted. They had been married about eleven months, and the birth of an heir was daily expected.

Words were weak to paint the rage and despair of Lady Blanche at the marriage of her sister. It was in vain that Lord Digby, the wealthiest nobleman in the country, renewed his attentions—he was coldly dismissed.

To the disappointed Blanche the birth of an heir was gall. The dream of her sister's happiness haunted her. The thought of the child of the man who had preferred another succeeding to her large estates entered like an arrow in her heart, and she vowed to blight their hopes, even though she risked life and honour in the attempt.

Her thirst for vengeance had taken no definite form till Lady Ellen sent to Dingley to request that her old nurse, Alice, might come over to Greystone Park, and attend her during her confinement. Alice, to all appearance, was devoted to the elder sister, and between them they framed a scheme to abduct the expected heir. The only difficulty was to gain over the lady's medical attendant, Dr. Bawtree, a man whose reputation for skill was spread far and near. By the common people he was regarded with superstitious hatred, from his extraordinary knowledge; by the higher orders with contempt for his avarice and meanness; yet such was the confidence in him that all classes employed him. Lady Blanche was momentarily expecting his arrival at Dingley as our tale commences.

Lady Blanche was seated with her eyes fixed upon the timepiece standing on a marble console opposite to her. The compression of her nether lip, and an occasional movement of her foot, alone betrayed her impatience.

"Where can the old rogue linger?" she murmured; "it is past the hour."

In a few minutes Dr. Bawtree entered the room. He was a man to all appearance about sixty—in reality he was much older. His appearance resembled a clothed skeleton, from which the hand of the anatomist had removed all but the muscles and sinews, and recovered them with the loose, parchment-like skin. He was dressed in a suit of rusty black, with long, thick-soled boots of rusty hue—for he seldom indulged in the luxury of blacking—drawn to the knee. His eyes were large, full, restless, and sparkled in the deep, hollow cavities, overhung by thick, grey brows, like those of a rattlesnake just started in its den. A lean, half-starved terrier—the only creature he had ever been known to keep—followed him into the room.

The old man gazed upon Lady Blanche for a few moments in silence.

"You are ill, lady," he said, in a low, musical

voice, at the same time extending his hand to feel her pulse.

"In mind, Bawtree, in mind. Have you seen Alice?"

"I have."

There was a pause, during which the beautiful creature fixed her glance upon him, as if to read his very soul.

"She has explained to you my wishes?"

"She has."

"And you will comply with them?" demanded the heiress. "You will aid me?"

"All that I can do to prove my service," said Bawtree, to whom her agony and excitement, from some secret cause, gave exquisite pleasure.

A sigh of relief broke from Lady Blanche.

"Well—the price?" she added carelessly.

"The risk will be great," he observed.

"I know it, and it shall be paid for."

"The child will be the heir of Dingley and Greystone," he continued; "unless, indeed, you marry, and have issue."

The heiress smiled bitterly.

"Your price?" she repeated.

"Let us clearly understand each other," said Dr. Bawtree. "You wish me to substitute the body of a stillborn infant for your sister's living child?"

"Yes."

"And what am I to do with the young heir—destroy?"

"What!" exclaimed Lady Blanche, "have I fallen so low that you should think me capable of murder? Shame, man, shame!"

The look of disgust and horror which accompanied her words proved that the speaker was sincere.

"It would not be the first time," observed her visitor calmly, "that kindred blood has been shed by those of your race! Like Cadmus' brood, they are doomed to destroy each other!"

The heiress eyed him with a look of painful surprise, doubt, and terror; for he had alluded to an event in the history of her family which she imagined a secret to all except herself.

"You mean my father and his wretched brother?"

"Geoffrey, the outcast and betrayed," added the doctor, finishing the sentence for her.

"And how learnt you that fearful circumstance?" she demanded.

A faint smile played upon the thin lips of her visitor, but vanished in a moment.

"Explain!" said the lady.

"Nothing more easy. The physician's office, like the confessor's, makes him acquainted with strange secrets. Enough, I know it; and now," continued her singular visitor, "to the purpose for which I was summoned. How is the infant to be disposed of?"

"I have thought of that," replied the lady, all her thoughts reverting to the channel from which surprise had for an instant diverted them. "You have frequently noticed in your ride through Dingley a gypsy encampment, in the north wood?"

"I have."

"Madge Lee, the head of the wandering tribe, has for many years found shelter on my lands. Once, when the arm of the law was raised to strike, my father, from some unknown service, interposed."

"Unknown service?" repeated the doctor, with a smile.

"At least to me," observed the heiress. "The creature is grateful, and at a word or token from me will risk body or soul to serve me. The little wretch must be given to her charge. I will see her."

"Will that be prudent? Curious eyes will be upon you. What will be thought if Lady Blanche, whose proud step has never yet been heard in the cottage of the poor, should be noticed visiting the tents of the outcasts of the earth? Better intrust me with the token, lady."

"Thou art a strange being!" replied the heiress, with an expression of surprise, which denoted that she was more and more interested as their conference proceeded. "Perhaps thou canst name the token that should serve between us?"

"I can," said Bawtree, calmly.

"Name it!"

"The half of a wedding-ring. She is bound by oath, and Madge Lee will not break the vow of her race; at the sight of it she will do your bidding."

"Thou shalt have the token."

"It must be directly, then, for by midnight there will be either joy or sorrow at Greystone! The hour which the anxious mother counts on is at hand!"

"So near! Art sure?"

"By midnight—I repeat it—the infant will be born."

The heiress started from her chair, and opening

a cabinet which stood under the portrait of her father, took from a secret drawer the token. It was the half of a wedding-ring, tied with a piece of faded blue ribbon.

"There is the token," said Lady Blanche, placing the broken ring in his hand; "and now the price?"

"Three thousand pounds."

"Large as it is, I will not huckster with thee. Let the infant be given to the care of Madge Lee, and come in the morning for thy recompense. It shall be paid thee down in gold—bright gold! the idol of most hearts—the god of thine!"

"Gold is not the worst idol," observed Bawtree, unmoved by the sneer.

"A dangerous confidant," murmured the woman, when left alone. "He thinks to become master of my destiny, and subtle as he is, he has yet to learn that the deep resolution of a heart like mine can baffle even his cunning."

With a trembling hand she caught up a lace veil from the table near, threw it carelessly over her head, and left the house to cool the fever of her blood in the fresh air of Dingley Park.

Scarcely had she gone, when a female about thirty years of age, whose dress denoted that she was one of the upper servants of the family, dragged her form from under the sofa, where she had been a concealed listener to the conversation between Dr. Bawtree and her mistress.

Seating herself at the table, she hastily wrote a few lines, placed them in her bosom, and left the house, crossing her steps in an opposite course to that which her mistress had taken. Gliding through the shrubbery, she reached the park-gate unperceived, and, slipping into the lane, looked anxiously about, as if she expected to meet someone.

"Not here?" she said. "Then I must go myself."

The speaker, whose features in their natural state denoted both cunning and resolution, advanced with hasty steps down the lane. She had not proceeded far before she encountered a groom in the livery of Lord Digby. No sooner did he perceive her than he hastened to meet her.

"Is it thus you keep watch?" she demanded sharply.

"Don't be angry, Mistress Ann," replied the fellow. "I was tired of waiting, and did but step to the village for—"

"To sit and drink with your companions," added the woman tartly. "There, mount your horse, and spare neither whip nor spur, neck nor limbs, till you have given this into my lord's hands. You know the recompense."

"All right," said the young man. "But hark ye, Mistress Ann, not a word of my loitering on the way—my lord is so passionate."

"Merit my silence by using good speed now; every moment is of the utmost consequence."

The fellow went over the hedge as the shortest road to the village where he had left his horse, and was out of sight in an instant. Ann, with a thoughtful countenance, returned to Dingley Manor.

## Chapter II.

The north wood, or, as it was more commonly called, Dingley Chase, was the remains of one of those large, straggling forests in which our Norman ancestors so much delighted. In one of the shaded nooks the gipsy tribe of which Madge Lee was the head had, from time immemorial, pitched their tents.

The encampment consisted of six or seven tents, closely clustered together, and one large one, of mere pretending appearance than the rest, at a short distance apart. This was the residence of Madge, who, from her great age and superior knowledge, was regarded with superstitious reverence by all her tribe; young and old equally looked up to and obeyed her.

The last rays of the setting sun were peering through the still green foliage. Most of the stragglers had returned to their tents; some were listlessly basking on the moss-covered bank; the women were busily occupied in preparing the evening repast, while some distant farmer's plundered barn-yard had supplied, and the noisy, swart, merry, ragged children were rolling and playing on the sward, making the woods ring again with their cheerful laugh.

"Zara!" exclaimed a fine, dark-looking fellow to a tall girl who was busily occupied in singeing the feathers from a goose over the flame of a crackling wood fire, "quick! the juke gives mouth."

The girl paused in her occupation, listened, and distinctly heard the baying of the dog.

The man still listened. His practised ear soon detected the tramp of a horse, and in a few moments the gaunt figure of Dr. Bawtree made its appearance, sliding down the dell.

"Am right," he said; "the cowan is near."

"And what if he is?" replied the girl, petulantly; "it's only the learned doctor, who, men say, knows more than Madge herself of herbs and plants, whom we have so often seen in the woods gathering the nightshade and the woodsores for the trunk of the rotten tree."

"I am rare, the old poisoner! I would sooner die like a water-rat in his hole than let him doctor me."

By this time Bawtree had reached the tents, and, drawing the rein of his pony, demanded of the speaker where Madge was.

The man pointed to the larger tent, at the entrance of which the aged crone was seated, rocking herself to and fro, singing in a cracked voice the snatch of a ballad which had half-faded from her memory.

"I must speak with her."

"You will scarcely get an answer," observed

the girl. "When she is in one of those moods a pistol fired at her ear would fail to rouse her. However, you can but try."

Dismounting from the pony, which he tied to one of the trees near the tent, the messenger of Lady Blanche slowly approached the spot where Madge was seated.

"Madge Lee," he gently whispered in her ear. A low chuckle broke from the hag, as she muttered:

"Come at last—come at last!"

"You seem to expect me?"

Madge looked upon him for a moment in silence. The thousand wrinkles in her skinny face, drawn and puckered by age, gave a mimic-like expression to her sunburnt countenance, as she slowly turned her eyes upon him.

"I have long expected you," she said. "Impossible! since till this day I knew not that I should have occasion to seek you."

"But I did," replied the old woman, sharply. "It's impossible that either of our bones should rest in the earth without this meeting. I have foreseen it since—since—"

Here the memory of the old woman began to fail her, and she burst out in a snatch of a ballad.

Bawtree frowned.

"It is impossible she should know me," he thought. "She has not seen me since I was a boy. The mother who bore me, could she rise from her grave, would not recognise me now."

"Madge," he said, "I bring you a token."

"Token!" repeated the old gipsy; "is it a broken sword—broken when two brothers fought like mad fools in the bonny woods of Dingley?"

When one was left for dead and one dishonoured? I see them now!" she added; "Cain and Abel! How the earth trembles 'neath their fierce tramp! 'Tis the curse of their race—blood—kindred blood—the curse of the house of Eserick."

During these brief and, to our readers, unintelligible words, large drops of perspiration fell from the brow of Bawtree.

Without uttering another word, he drew from his pocket the broken ring, and placed it in her hand.

It was singular to observe the effect which the broken ring produced upon the memory of the old gipsy. As if she had received an electric shock, she shook off the weight of years, and in an instant intelligence and memory became as perfect as in the days of her youth.

"And what," she demanded, "can the heiress of Dingley have to request of the gipsy Madge—gold?—she lacks it not; pride?—she has more than the share of her race."

"She wishes you to receive an infant newly born, and rear it amongst your people as your own."

"Is it hers?"

"No."

"I was a fool to ask the question," said Madge sharply. "She is too proud to stoop to folly; but not too good to seek revenge—it is her fate. Whose child is it?"

"I may not tell you," replied the messenger.

"It matters not. Shall I tell you?—her sister's; the poor, kind girl whom Heaven has preserved from the fierce passions of her race. You must have plotted rarely to have worked this!"

"Not so; it is her own act and seeking."

"But it plays your game as well. What does it matter to me? I am bound to do her behests. Her brother is gone—one bar removed, and another will soon follow; but beware the last—it will be a fierce struggle between you."

"I do not understand you," faltered Bawtree.

Madge burst into a loud, scornful laugh.

"Speak plainly!"

"I will," she said. "You would shed the blood of the infant if you dared! But you remember the ancient prophecy of the house of Eserick, that ill-blood should exist between the nearest I but woe to him whose hand should shed it! Now, away, all the Lady Blanche—that the gipsy will keep her oath! The child shall be reared in her tent—care, nurture—care, nurture!"

The old crone seated herself upon the sward, and began rocking herself to and fro like a person in pain. Not all Bawtree's attempts could draw another word from her shrivelled lips. He left her with a secret curse, and resolved, if possible, to remove her from his path. No sooner was he out of sight than Madge, raising a whistle to her mouth, blew thrice. A stout, strong-built fellow rose from the group where he was sitting, and advanced respectfully towards her.

"Your will, mother?" he said.

"Follow that man—creep like a snake in the grass—lose not sight of him for an instant. If he enters a house, wait; even if famine clings to you till he quits it, leave him not till he has returned to my tent."

No more of "Minnigrey" can be published in the *Daily Mirror*. These two short chapters give you a slight—very slight—idea of the charm and fascination of this wonderful tale. It is not necessary for us to praise the story. My opinion is it will always be the finest story of human interest ever written. The manufacture of popular fiction has become something of a trade, and you may be weary of serial stories. If so, read "Minnigrey," and be refreshed. If you want to go on with it, buy No. 1 of "The New London Journal," out to-day.

"Minnigrey" is the best serial story ever written. Millions of people have read it. Are you one of them? If not, read it NOW.

A long first instalment will be found in No. 1 of the Great Home Paper, "The New London Journal," out to-day.

The first number of "The New London Journal" also contains the opening chapters of "The Black Band," a powerful story by Mr. Headon Hill. You must get No. 1 of "The New London Journal." It is out to-day.



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## \* A PAGE FOR CHILDREN AND WOMEN READERS. \*

### PICTURE PRIZES.

A CUTTING-OUT PICTURE IS GIVEN ON THIS PAGE.

The Humpty Dumpty picture was evidently very much to the liking of our competitors, who sent in an enormous number of pictures. The first prize of five shillings is won by Gwendolyn Wilson, aged thirteen, The Manor House, Newton Blossomville, Newport Pagnell, Bucks, who has coloured her picture very carefully and successfully.

The second prize of half a crown goes to Winnie Smith, 9, Ashmere House, Acre-lane, Briston, S.W., who is fourteen years of age. The colouring of her picture is much warmer and richer than that sent in by Gwendolyn, but not so neatly executed.

The third prize of two and sixpence is awarded to Derrick Brook, aged ten, Hilden Cottage, Hildenborough; and the fourth, also of half a crown, goes to Queenie Gammall, 2, Palliser Court, West Kensington, W., whose age is fifteen years.

Honourable mentions are awarded as follows:—Violet Boyton, aged seven and a half, 32, Allerton-road, Lordship Park, N.; Pauline A. Dewey, aged nine, 50, Raleigh-road, Hornsey, N.; Owen Joyce, aged eight, 2, Princess-road, Leicester; Ethel Borne, aged thirteen, Fazley, Tamworth, Staffs.; J. Harry Williams, aged ten, 3, Wellington-terrace, Clifton, Bristol; and Nellie A. Idoson, aged eleven, 92, Euston-street, Euston-road, N.W.

The competition this week is a cutting-out one, which will make a change. The pieces seen in the picture must be cut out and pasted neatly on to a piece of paper or cardboard to form the picture they will be found to represent. Contributors should send in their work addressed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up till the first post on Wednesday morning, May 2. The same prizes are offered, namely, one of 5s. and three of half a crown each.

### A PRETTY BLOUSE.

The charming corsage-blouse illustrated on this page may be regarded as the completion of a toilette, to be worn with a skirt to match or as a blouse only. The pattern includes a fitted lining,

the centre back of the blouse and collar and the centre front of the vest. The fronts are to the selvedge, and the sleeves in one piece on the straight.

A smart touch is imparted by the novel method of fastening arrived at by a ribbon threaded



No. 778.—A graceful and useful pattern for a blouse corsage.

through eyelet holes worked in the front plastron. These holes are indicated in the pattern by punch holes, which must, of course, be worked large or small as individual taste dictates.

To cut out the pattern four yards of single-width



Once more we offer a cut-out puzzle for the children to paste very carefully on a piece of cardboard after they have found out what picture the pieces portray.

and on to this the material is gathered at the front shoulder seams.

The back is plain and has a deep rounded collar of lace edged with knife-pleated frills of silk terminating just over the shoulder line in front.

In cutting out the material avoid a seam down

### THE ORNAMENT OF EVERY HOUSE!

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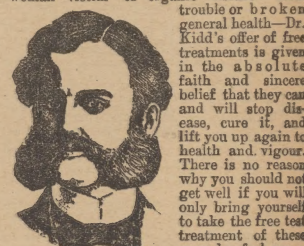
Seeger's Hair Dye gives only a Natural Shade. Auburn, Golden, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown, or Black. The best proof of the confidence that is placed in Seeger's Dye is that its annual sale is ten times that of all foreign hair dyes collectively. Seeger's is medically certified harmless, is permanent and washable. Trial Bottle, 7d., post free; in Cases, 2s. State shade required.

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## FAVOURITES' DAY AT SANDOWN PARK.

Auber Carries Off the Stud Produce Stakes and Gala Wreath the Tudor Plate.

### GREY FRIARS' SELECTIONS.

Splendid weather, the sunshine being much stronger than the keen wind, made the conditions enjoyable for the second day of the Sandown Park meetings. There was a very large attendance in every department, and the public obviously appreciated the sport all the more as several favourites won in succession in the first half of the programme.

Oryx had best credentials in the Walton Plate, his win at Alexandra Park showing much merit. So this son of Orme carried the bulk of the money, and in the result Freeman in buying Oryx in. Much more money had to be paid yesterday. The gelding only realised 200 guineas at Alexandra Park, but the competition ran him up to 500 guineas before Mr. Freeman secured him.

Miss Mimic, a tear-away filly, led the favourite for nearly three furlongs, where Oryx came along very smoothly on the rails, and won in a canter. The group associated with the fortunes of Darling's stable supplemented their profits of Thursday by a plunge on Golden filly for the Claygate Plate, and, thanks to the vigorous riding of Higgs, the filly scored after good finish against Lord Barrymore and Ribbard, which pair had taken up the fight after the secession of Delaney.

Gingal's withdrawal from the Tudor Plate made the affair very questionable. To use the racing phrase, it was regarded as a very open race. But there was to be a seemingly was a strong favourite from Machachos, Gala Wreath, and Gail's Gossip—the only others backed under double figures. Scylla looked tired, and Rosalind, the favourite, yet 1 met met met who usually back horses from the Clarehaven stable and they would not hear of Scylla.

Machachos had been blistered and recently dressed. He was not blessed with any luck in the race, and cut moderate figures. Scylla, however, was prominent in the first half-mile, whereas Gala Wreath began very slowly, and acted as whizzer-in. Rosalind, the favourite, was a very good horse, and was closely pressed by Gail's Gossip and Black Aster. But on reaching the distance Gala Wreath came up on the stand side, and the result asserted his superiority, ultimately winning by two lengths.

Auber gave a taste of what a game horse he is by winning the Sandown Park Produce Stakes after looking beaten. He was well ridden by Maher. Auber is a beautiful colt by Islington-Umbrosa, and he attracted a lot of attention on Thursday. A desperate struggle for supremacy was seen between Gold Coin and Imperial II in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, the first-named gelding the victor by a head. Imperial II occupied a similar position twelve months ago.

Barcelona Park ran well, but Malay was slightly interfered with half-way, Jones, on the rails, having none too much room. St. Luke whipped round when the barrier was raised, and Synchronist, the last runner, was clear. Clear Art was nicely whipped in the Guildford Handicap, and, well ridden by Heckford, scored cleverly.

Very interesting sport was witnessed at Stockton yesterday, and backers had much the best of matters, four favourites and one second favourite scoring. The Spring Handicap was won by Barbet, although fancied many times during the last two years, has greatly disappointed his connections. Threshall was a slightly better favourite than Barbet, but failed to get placed.

### SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

#### SANDOWN PARK.

- 2.0—Pavilion Steeplechase—ACONY.
- 2.30—WALTON TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE OF 200 SOVS. Four furlongs.
- 3.0—International Steeplechase—SERIES.
- 3.30—Great Sandown Hurdle—ONE AWAY.
- 4.0—JAMES HIGGS' HANDICAP—ONE AWAY.
- 4.30—Crown Steeplechase—THURIFER.

#### STOCKTON.

- 1.45—Fairfield Plate—GEOFFROS.
- 2.45—North Yorkshire Handicap—SKIOGRAPH.
- 3.15—BISHOPSTON SELLING PLATE OF 100 SOVS. Five furlongs.
- 3.45—Wolviston Handicap—FLAMSTON PIN.
- 4.15—Crampton Plate—RAMPTON LAD.

#### SPECIAL SELECTION.

#### AGONY. GREY FRIARS.

#### RACING RETURNS.

#### SANDOWN PARK.

- 2.0—WALTON TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE OF 200 SOVS. Four furlongs.
- Mr. G. H. Freeman's Oryx, by Queen-Cromie, East 10 lb.
- Miss Mimic, by Queen-Cromie, East 10 lb.
- Mr. G. Wood's ROYAL WARNING, by Templan, East 10 lb.
- Miss E. Garner's ROYAL WARNING, by Templan, East 10 lb.
- Also ran: Wise Beauty (Templan), because (S. J. nicks), because (S. J. nicks), because (S. J. nicks).
- Winner trained by McKie.
- Betting: "Sporting Life" Prices: 11 to 8 agt Oryx, 4 to 1 Wise Beauty, 2 to 2 Miss Mimic, 10 to 1 Royal Warning, and 20 to 1 each other. "Sportsman" prices the same. Won by a length, and a half; five lengths between the second and third.

- 2.30—CLAYGATE SELLING PLATE OF 200 SOVS. One mile.
- Lord Dalmy's F by QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—GOLDEN 5 yrs, 7 lb.
- Mr. S. G. Pickering's LORD MAREMORE, 5 yrs, 7 lb.
- Mr. N. J. Wood's LORD MAREMORE, 5 yrs, 7 lb.
- Also ran: Delaney (Lynham), Scotch Demon (B. Dillon), No Surrender (Blades), Blanche Marie (Hawkins).
- Winner trained by McKie.
- Betting: "Sporting Life" Prices: 11 to 8 agt Golden filly, 7 to 3 Scotch Demon, 4 to 1 Ribbard, and 10 to 1 Barrymore, and 10 to 1 each other. "Sportsman" prices 6 to 4 Golden filly, 10 to 1 Scotch Demon, 10 to 1 Ribbard, and 10 to 1 Barrymore, and 10 to 1 each other. Won by two lengths; three lengths between the second and third.

- 3.0—SANDOWN PARK STUD PRODUCE STAKES, by subscription of 3 svs each stallion; the nominator of the stallion which is the sire of the winner receives 10 per cent., and of the second horse 5 per cent., of the whole stake, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.
- Sir E. Vincent's AUBER, by Islington-Umbrosa, 1 Mr. E. Robinson's AUBER, by Islington-Umbrosa, 1 Mr. S. G. Parnell's AUBER, by Islington-Umbrosa, 1 Mr. S. G. Parnell's AUBER, by Islington-Umbrosa, 1
- Also ran: Auber (Lynham), Scotch Demon (B. Dillon), No Surrender (Blades), Blanche Marie (Hawkins).
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- Betting: "Sporting Life" Prices: 11 to 8 agt Golden filly, 7 to 3 Scotch Demon, 4 to 1 Ribbard, and 10 to 1 Barrymore, and 10 to 1 each other. "Sportsman" prices 6 to 4 Golden filly, 10 to 1 Scotch Demon, 10 to 1 Ribbard, and 10 to 1 Barrymore, and 10 to 1 each other. Won by two lengths; three lengths between the second and third.

- 3.0—SANDOWN PARK STUD PRODUCE STAKES, by subscription of 3 svs each stallion; the nominator of the stallion which is the sire of the winner receives 10 per cent., and of the second horse 5 per cent., of the whole stake, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.
- Sir E. Vincent's AUBER, by Islington-Umbrosa, 1 Mr. E. Robinson's AUBER, by Islington-Umbrosa, 1 Mr. S. G. Parnell's AUBER, by Islington-Umbrosa, 1 Mr. S. G. Parnell's AUBER, by Islington-Umbrosa, 1
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## WRESTLING TO-NIGHT AT OLYMPIA.



On the left Madrali, and on the right Hackenschmidt, who wrestle at Olympia to-night for the catch-as-catch-can championship of the world.

(Martin), Typical Song (Lynham), Gila (Wheatley), Panlight (Templan), Pance (Pike), Soliman's Way (Randall).

Betting: "Sporting Life" Prices: 3 to 1 agt Auber, 6 to 1 Zine, 7 to 1 Pance, 8 to 1 Panlight, 10 to 1 Gila, and Sandstone, and 100 to 1 each other. "Sportsman" prices the same. Won by a length; a head between the second and third.

3.30—FIFTEENTH YEAR OF THE TUDOR PLATE OF 1000 SOVS. for three-year-olds. One mile.

Mr. Dresden's GALA WREATH, by Gallinule-Lynham 1 Mr. F. S. Watt's SWEET ROSALIND, 8 lb. 11 lb. Trigs 1

Also ran: Melody (H. Jones), Kearsage (Wheatley), Mountain King (Blades), Rocketeer (Higgs), Barcelona Park (Trigs), Tranks (Charley), Fisher Girl (Higgs), Galapagos (East), Scotch Cherry (Trigs), and Bowers (Blades).

Betting: "Sporting Life" Prices: 4 to 1 agt Scylla, 9 to 2 Machachos, 5 to 1 each Gala Wreath and Gail's Gossip, 10 to 1 each Stop Trigs colt and Black Aster, 100 to 8 Plantagenet, and 100 to 7 each other. "Sportsman" prices 100 to 8 agt Sweet Rosalind. Won by two lengths; a quarter of a length between second and third.

4.0—PRINCESS OF WALES'S HANDICAP OF 500 SOVS. for three-year-olds. Five furlongs.

Mr. A. Steadall's GOLD COIN, by Tunnan, dam by January-Golden Coin, 5 yrs, 8 lb. 5 lb. Plant 1

Mr. Sol Joke's IMPERIAL II, 5 yrs, 10 lb. 10 lb. Plant 1

Mr. F. Pratt's SOPHON, 5 yrs, 7 lb. 2 lb. 2 lb. Plant 1

Also ran: Melody (H. Jones), Kearsage (Wheatley), Mountain King (Blades), Rocketeer (Higgs), Barcelona Park (Trigs), Tranks (Charley), Fisher Girl (Higgs), Galapagos (East), Scotch Cherry (Trigs), and Bowers (Blades).

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4.30—GUILDFORD HANDICAP OF 200 SOVS. One mile

Mr. P. Muldon's CLEAR ARTIST, by Velasquez, 5 yrs, 6 lb. 12 lb. 12 lb. Plant 1

Also ran: Melody (H. Jones), Kearsage (Wheatley), Mountain King (Blades), Rocketeer (Higgs), Barcelona Park (Trigs), Tranks (Charley), Fisher Girl (Higgs), Galapagos (East), Scotch Cherry (Trigs), and Bowers (Blades).

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# TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

## ASSOCIATION.

**THE LEAGUE—Division I.**  
 Birmingham v. Manchester U. Derby County v. Shef. Wed.  
 Blackburn R. v. Middlesbrough Everton v. Notts Forest.  
 Bolton W. v. Newcastle U. Sunderland v. Bury.

**Division II.**  
 Blackpool v. Clapton O. Hull City v. Lincoln City.  
 Bradford City v. Barnsley. Manchester U. v. Burton U.  
 Bristol City v. Chelsea. Stockport County v. Burnley.  
 Gainsboro' T. v. Grimsby T. W.B. Alton v. Burslem P.V.  
 Glossop v. Leeds City.

**SOUTHERN LEAGUE.**  
 Norwich O. v. Northampton. Brighton v. Swindon.  
 Plymouth A. v. Brentford. West Ham U. v. Portsmouth.  
 Watford v. Millwall. P. Rangers v. Bristol R.

**Division II.**  
 West Ham R. v. Ports. R. Wycombe W. v. Southern U.

**LONDON LEAGUE.**  
 Leyton v. Woolwich Arsenal R.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**  
 Kilmaronock v. P. Glasgow. St. Mirren v. Partick Thistle.

**SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.**  
 Grays United v. Watford.

**SHERIFF OF LONDON SHIELD.**  
 Fulham: Corinthians v. Liverpool.

**LONDON CUP—Final Tie (Replayed).**  
 Herne Hill: Dulwich Hamlet v. New Crusaders.

**TOTTENHAM CHARITY CUP—Final.**  
 Croyland Old Boys v. South Tottenham Institute, on the  
 Tottenham Hotspur F.C. Ground.

**BUCKS CHARITY CUP—Final.**  
 Slough: Aylesbury United v. Chessham Town.

**SCOTTISH CUP—Final.**  
 Glasgow: Celtic v. Heart of Midlothian.

**SOUTHERN CHARITY CUP—Replayed Semi-final.**  
 Plumstead: Woolwich Arsenal v. Tottenham Hotspur.

**OTHER MATCHES.**  
 Offtonville v. Preston N.E. | Linfield v. Aston Villa.

**RUGBY.**  
 Coventry v. Leicester. | Treherbert v. Neath.  
 Llanelly v. Mountain Ash. | Plymouth v. Devonport A.

**NORTHERN UNION.**

**THE LEAGUE.**  
 York v. Halifax. Dewsbury v. Oldham.  
 Barrow v. Leigh. Warrington v. Hunslet.  
 Millom v. Pontefract. Broughton R. v. Widnes.

**NORTHERN UNION CUP—Final.**  
 Leeds: Bradford v. Bailford.

**DIVISION OF FOOTBALL PROFITS.**

The amount divisible by the Football Association among Cup finalists and semi-finalists will be considerably less than last season, owing to the decrease in the attendance at the final tie, and the fact that no replay occurred in the semi-final round in the best-attended semi-final will get about £2,500, and Newcastle United £1,800. Liverpool's share will be £700, and that of Woolwich Arsenal £300.

**CYCLING CLUB RUNS.**

The snowstorm of the early part of the week had at least the redeeming feature of putting the loose and dusty roads in fair order, so that there is every prospect of the week-end runs being carried out under much better conditions than have prevailed for some time past.

A diversion for the Finsbury Park this afternoon will be a paperplate wheel, in which the riders will follow a trail laid by a motor-cyclist. The course will extend some

twenty-five miles, and the by-lanes will be taken in the form of a cross-country detour.

In pursuance of the Anerley's innovation this season, a special run will be carried out under the conduct of the racing honorary secretary, O. J. Hopkins, meeting at Purley at four o'clock, with the famous old coaching hostelry and cyclist's house of call, The Chequers, as their destination.

Out Nettleswell way a convenient piece of undulating road, with a good "dip" in it, has been selected by the Beaumont for a free-wheeling contest, which has now become an annual event on the fixture-card. The northern and southern portions of the Daily Press meet at Clapham for a combined ride to Dorking.

The Stanley meet at Wood Green and ride by way of Stag Hill, Bayford, and Cole Green to Tewin. The early division meet at Potter's Bar and take a circular ride, via Wheathampstead, King's Walden, and Knebworth, to the same destination.

Poly. Boys are wheeling to Amersham, Catford to Horley, Pegasus to Watford, Silverdale to Esher, Surrey Wheelers to Dorking, Unity to Epping. Vegetarian to Esher, Fortes to Windsor, Raleigh to Limsfield, Glen to Godstone, Southern to Bookham, Goldsmiths to Sevenoaks, Kingsdale to Essendon, North London to Bovingdon, Havellack to Riddledown, North-West London to Eastcote, University to High Beech, and Highgate to Epping.

**LATEST LONDON BETTING.**

**THE DERBY.**

2 to 1 against (t. o.) 100 to 1 against His Eminence

100 — 12 — Picton (o) 25 — 1 — Gorgos (o)

10 — 1 — Black Arrow (o) 35 — 1 — Ramrod (t. o)

Mr. Roy Adam, of Melbourne, arrived at Plymouth yesterday in order to compete at Henley for the Diamond Sculls.

The majority of bowling clubs open their season to-day. Dr. W. G. Grace will lead a team of the London County B.C. against a side selected from the United Banks. Play will be over the risks of the first-named club.

K. S. Ranjitsinhji is writing a book on "Cricket, and How to Play It." It will be issued in about three weeks by the British Sports Publishing Company, of 2, Hindcourt, as the twelfth number of the Spalding Athletic Library, price sixpence.

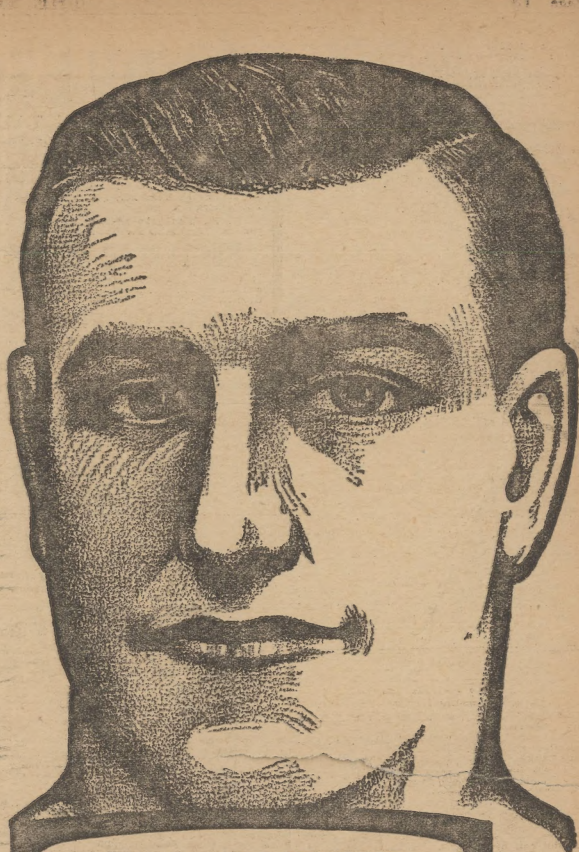
The Norwich City Football Club have decided to retain the majority of the players who assisted in the club's very satisfactory first season. The only important change is expected to take place in goal, though the name of Williams's successor has not transpired. Mr. Bowman, who is relinquishing active participation in the game, has re-signed Archer and McEwen (backs); Livingstone, Bushell, Hemment (half-backs); Ross, Brandley, Ronald, and Gorch (forwards). It is hoped to run a strong reserve team in a good league.

The Middlesbrough Football Club have re-engaged Brawn, Bloomer, Wilcox, Thackeray, and Murray (forwards); Barker (half-back); Ratcliffe (back); and Williamson (goal). Aitken (half-back) and Common (forward) have promised to re-sign. It is expected a clean sweep will be made of the reserves, who have done very poor work for the club. Middlesbrough's manager, Mr. Mackie, expects to sign on a leading international back and half-back when the season closes.

**GENTLY BUT FIRMLY!**

Hudson's EXTRACT of SOAP gives you a powerful, cleansing, hardworking lather—not a lather all froth and bubbles which does no work.

Hudson's always deals gently with the linen, but firmly with the dirt. A penny packet will prove this!—(Advt.)



## THIS WRESTLER

SAYS—

"I drink Vi-Cocoa regularly, and have much pleasure in testifying to its superior qualities as a Food Beverage. Being an abstainer, it is absolutely necessary that I should retain my health and strength with a nourishing and stimulative drink. Vi-Cocoa does all that is needed in this direction, in fact, I consider it invaluable."

(Signed) G. HACKENSCHMIDT.

WE SAY—

"That either for physical or mental work there is nothing to equal



Everybody, even Hackenschmidt, says so.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Grocers and Stores in 6d. Packets and 9d. and 1/6 Tins, or from 60, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. Dainty Sample Free. A Postcard will do.

## Hackenschmidt and Madrali

Both these champions continuously trained on **BOVRIL**, as proved by testimonials held.

### SEND 1/- DEPOSIT

This Handsome Free Wheel Bicycle will be sent to our address on receipt of 1/- DEPOSIT and upon payment of the balance at 1/- weekly for 84 weeks, making 24 5s. 0d. in all. A 10/- note will be sent free. Cash price £3 15s. 6d. Ladies' 5s. extra. Send at once to V. FIELDING & CO., Manufacturers B28, GE. YARBOURTH.

ECONOMICAL & RELIABLE.

## BORWICK'S

The best BAKING POWDER in the World.

Sold everywhere in 1d. and 2d. packets; also 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 5/- TIN CANISTERS.

The 1906 Sensation! From £4 12s. 6d.

**HOBART** **CYCLES**

SENT BY APPROVAL FOUR YEAR GUARANTEE

**SUPPLIED DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO RIDER. PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.**

**Revolution in the Cycle Trade!** For 17 years we have supplied our DUALLS AT TRADE PRICES. NOW we will supply YOU DIRECT, and save you from 25 to 50 on your new cycle. RIDER AGENTS WANTED. HOBART Cycles have been established for 17 years. 2,000 HOBART RIDERS will tell you so. EASY PAYMENTS. From 5s. monthly. **HOBART BIRD, Ltd.** World's Direct Cycle Makers. COVENTRY.

10/- DOWN BUYS OUR 'Royal Ajax' Cycle

Payments only 10/- per Month

Price £6 Net.

Immense Stock Splendid Second-hand Machines.

Write for our 60-page Price List.

**THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., Ltd.** (F.A. Dept.), 55, Edgware-road, London, W.

**O'Brien's**

Easy Payment Terms for Swifts, Rovers, Rudge-Whitworths, Coventry Challengers, Triumphs, Humbers, Progress, P. Ambers, Continentals and Sinafras, being the World's Best Bicycles within the reach of all.

A 10/- Grade Coventry-made Cycle for £4 10/- CASH, or 5/- MONTHLY. Sent on Approval.

Allowances for old machines. Write for Free List TO-DAY. **EDWARD O'BRIEN, Ltd.** World's Largest Cycle Dealer. COVENTRY.

**10 YEARS GUARANTEE**



DAILY BARGAINS

LONDON, LTD., at 12, Whitefriars-street, E.C.—Saturday, April 20,  
1903.